

VOLUME 1, NO 11

WORLD'S FIRST NEWSPAPER OF HORROR, SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY!

GIANT
COLOR
POSTER
INSIDE

the Monster Times

CONAN THE
CONQUERER! P 6

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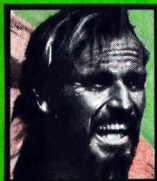


EXCLUSIVE
DRACULA
INTERVIEW!

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BLOOD
& GORE
GALORE!

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ON SALE EVERY 2 WEEKS

the Monster Times

Hold on to your heads, fans, Buddy Weiss is about to take you through Hemisphere Pictures' House of Horror and on into the darkest heart of Blood Island, where you will find yourself face-to-face with ... the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and his cohort the BEAST OF BLOOD! And these are only two of a slew of Hemisphere's Blood Series



entries. Buddy will be getting around to the BRAIN OF BLOOD and BRIDES OF BLOOD in the next two installments of this thoroughly thrilling three-parter. The flicks, incidentally, were produced and directed by Eddie Romero and shot in the Philippines, where the action might almost have actually happened. So, without further delay, let us venture forth to discover the EVILS OF BLOOD ISLAND ... we don't want to miss a single drop!



Hemisphere's BEAST OF BLOOD is determined to get a head in the world ... even if it ain't his own! the BEAST'S scintillating story unfolds on page 22 ... enjoy!

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

the Monster Times

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PLANET OF THE APES: Allan Asherman, literary time traveler, takes you into the future to meet the dangerous denizens of the PLANET OF THE APES.

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NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS: No, it ain't a football game, but it is a free-for-all as a Naval base is plagued by 6 Foot Walking Trees ...

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BUT IS IT ART? Meet Jerry Robinson, former Batman sketcher, whose April exhibit at New York's Graham Galleries brought the people's art form upturn

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DRACULA SPEAKS: An exclusive TMT interview with the Count himself. Hear the corpulent Count reflect on just about every subject under the full moon ...

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MONSTER MAIL: TMT readers bare their fangs and raise their claws to ask a few pertinent questions: all of which are given pertinent answers. Check out the fiendly feedback.

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IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS: Joe Brancatelli gives us the lowdown on Daniel Cohen's latest tome, *IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS*, which includes a rare and more than a little unnerving photo of a real live(?) ghost.

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TALE OF WITCH WILLOW HOUSE: Why is there never any answer to the knock on the front door? Discover the disturbing answer to this query in this issue's comic strip.

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EVILS OF BLOOD ISLAND: Blood Island is one place you wouldn't even want to visit, let alone live there—and no one seems to live there very long.

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THE RETURN OF THE MONSTER TELETYPE: All the scoops about the latest screen invasions by monsters, fiends, and assorted malcontents brought to you by our ace reporter Phil Feret.

31

SPACED OUT? You will be when you read reviewer Joe Thomasino's analysis of Poul Anderson's latest fantasy sci-fi effort, *OPERATION CHAOS*. Looks like Poul has come up with another weird winner.

This issue of TMT is a mixed bag of gruesome goodies, so dip in your paw and you're liable to come up with just about anything in the way of horror-fantasy lore. To be a bit more specific, we've got our literary time-traveler Allan Asherman on hand to journey into the darkest heart of the PLANET OF THE APES in our film-book this ish. Next time Allan will be back for more—with a behind-the-scenes look at the filming of APES, including a special stop-off at the 20th Century Fox make-up department, where the ominous sign on the door reads—Caution: Mad Artists At Work ...

In another, bloodier vein, we're starting a new 3-part feature by Buddy Weiss about Hemisphere Pictures' Blood series, the goriest group of films to date. Hemisphere, an American film company that bills itself as the "House of Horror," is giving Hammer a run for its bloody money with such terrific titles as *MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND* and *BEAST OF BLOOD*. A more anemic film effort of a few years back, *THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS*, is given less-than-convincing treatment by Staff Philosopher Joe Kane in another of his seemingly endless exercises in negative nostalgia.

Artist Dan Green and writer Bill Feret (of MT Teletype fame) teamed up on the comic strip this issue and the result is *TALES OF WITCH-WILLOW HOUSE*, a startling story guaranteed to make strong types tremble and to make the wart-hair of even the most horror-hardened fan stand on end. Plus ... one of the most unusual features ever published in this world or in any other we've ever heard of: And exclusive TMT interview none other than ... *COUNT DRACULA!* At great expense and perilous risk to life and limb (although not necessarily in that order), intrepid MT reporter Roger Singleton sought out the redblooded recluse who, as it turned out, was only too glad to finally have an opportunity to set the record straight. We think you'll be more than a little surprised by what the "Undead One" has to say in this candid conversation ...

For comics freaks we have a generously illustrated piece on that uncouth conqueror, Conan, as interpreted by those marvelous Marvel artists ... plus a multi-angled view of the first X-rated animated feature, Fritz the Cat, which included in its cast of voices our own Phil Seuling who provides some inside information on the filming of the adventures of the funky feline. Plus all the regular TMT features designed to bring out the devil in all of us. So read on, but remember—don't say we didn't warn you ...!

JSE

THE MONSTER TIMES IS PRODUCED AND CREATED BY LARRY BRILL & LES WALDSTEIN.
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This tastefully designed cover is the handiwork of one Les Waldstein, who doubles as co-publisher of this very same Monster Times. Before settling into the executive chair he occupies today, Mr. Waldstein spent a good many years standing at the drawing board, turning out masterpieces such as the one featured here.

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Man...hunted...caged...forced to mate by civilized apes!

This is Commander Taylor. Astronaut. He landed in a world where apes are the civilized rulers and man the beast.



This is Marcus. Head of security police. His specialty: violence and torture.



This is Nova. The wild human animal captured and selected for special mating purposes.



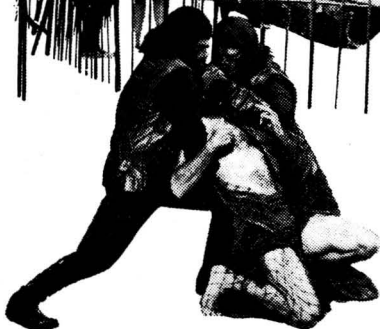
This is Dr. Zaius. Brilliant scientist. Only he has the power to save or destroy the animal called man.



BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

PLANET OF THE APES

Caged to provide amusement for crust Gorilla keepers, his human voice silenced by a bullet through the throat, Commander Taylor learned what it was like to be on the wrong side of the evolutionary fence.



Ever go to the zoo to watch the animals; Sure, you have—everyone has at one time or another. Now, suppose the situation was reversed? Then how would you like it? Huh? Suppose YOU were in the cage and the animals were watching YOU. Impossible, you say? Why would the animals want to watch you, you say? Hal! That's what George Taylor thought. Taylor was an ace astronaut, spinning through space and proving man's superiority over the animals. But one day things changed for old Taylor. One day he awoke to find himself in a cage... with a gaggle of APES watching HIM! Now that was an ape of a different color. How did it all come about? Read on and find out...



Commander Taylor and his fellow astronauts, Dodge (Jeff Burton) and Landon (Robert Gunner) paddle to shore but not to safety in early moment from PLANET OF THE APES.

The needle-sleek ship glided through the nothingness of outer space and sped Taylor and his crew toward the goal of their mission. But it would take years of travelling at sub-light speeds to complete their journey, and the warp drive was still not sufficiently perfected for use outside of the labs. It was a nuisance and a waste of time, but suspended animation still had to be used, there were no other alternatives. Hibernation, deep-sleep, out cold for months at a time. Years at a time. Taylor was the last to step into his hibernaculum, after supervising the others and making sure all was well with the automatic life-support systems.

He lifted the glass lid of his cubicle, stepped in and started the freeze-cycle. He saw the glass cloud up, and as his own vision started to fade out he pictured the vehicle flashing silently between the stars. A sleeper ship. Sleeping, drifting...

It seemed like only a moment later when the jolt came. Something was happening, and from the gauges inside his cubicle Taylor could see that something was wrong. Everything was off-scale, a mad rushing into... what? One of the warps of space, he thought as he freed himself and revived his two friends Dodge and Landon.

A wind storm where there was no wind, a hurricane where there was no pressure or movement of matter. A something out of nothing. Taylor thought, as he stepped near the special cubicle where the prettiest female naut in the service still slept peacefully. He looked down at her face, and saw...

... A dried, withered mummy! A dead caricature of a shriveled human with long hair and sagging uniform. Taylor turned and groaned, nauseated. He had known her at the Academy of Astronautics. Now she was dead of... of what? What could have caused it? Think, Taylor, think! The air must have leaked from her hibernaculum, but only faster-than-light speeds over a prolonged time could make someone wither like that, like he'd been there for hundreds of years. Hundreds!?

Taylor ran to the ship's large chronometer. Stopped. The gauges all frozen everywhere. No way to determine how far they'd gone, for how long, or in what direction. They were lost, they were doomed never to return unless they could do something quickly!

STAR WRECK?

They'd have to do something, for suddenly the ship started to vibrate. Delicate parts were smashed. Rivets buckled in the walls, floors shifted under their feet. They were caught in the atmosphere of an unknown planet. Caught bad. A burn-up would be the only possible result, unless...

The wings... gliding wings! If only the control surfaces worked, they could soar down into the air without any more damages. Maybe. Just maybe they would

of sun. Looked something like Death Valley, where they had trained for a time on Earth. But where were they now? No idea! They were alive, and that was most important to them now. Time for worrying about other things later.

Later proved to be very soon. Dodge saw it first. A crude formation of, cross-sticks with clothes. A scarecrow! Life! But what kind of creatures? What

kind of life? They talked and guessed, and decided to find out. So they climbed from the hot canyons, over the peaks and found themselves in the Garden of Eden. They bathed in a small lake, fed by a large waterfall. They put their clothes on from the branches and forgot all about civilization both human and non-human. For a time they had fun, and their guard was down. They did not hear the



"Man must be made to learn his place!"

A grim welcoming committee in the person (?) of Marcus, leather-jacketed Head of Security Police, awaits the tide-tossed trio as they paddle towards terror firma unaware of the rough reception in store for them.

live! Taylor struggled against the building pressure and the terrible heat.

They were through the clouds. Sharp peaks rushed at them, trees and more trees and plains and a lake straight below. If only he could get to the lake, maybe it would absorb most of the force of the crash. It would have to be a crash... the engines were completely gone, now.

A sickening stop and a sharp jolt backwards. They were in the water, and it leaked into the cracked shell of their vessel. They would sink, soon, and drown. From space to water and death. Got to move. Get the life-raft out, and the survival gear. Radios and food and clothing and spare rations. But no time... no time.

They had to leave her in the ship, and hope they could breathe the air, if there WAS any air. Then they were in the rubber boat, paddling to shore like refugees from a flood with their last belongings strapped to their backs. Taylor turned to see the blackened hull of his ship, rocking grimly in the shallow water.

They were in a dry, arid region, with sharp rock peaks and tall cliffs and a lot



Wounded by a bullet through the throat, the gagged Taylor is spirited away by rugged pair of simian heavies.

sneaking of feet, nor see their tattered uniforms being stolen by quick fingers and running beings. Running men and women, fast and primitive, clad in rags made from the trees and vines of this world.

ATTACK OF THE ANGRY APES!

Their clothes gone, they dressed in the shorts and rags left behind by whatever had snuck off with their uniforms. Through the thin woods they could see what looked like cornfields. Men, women and kids played, ran and screeched like wild, untamed things. They started forward, but the noise stopped them. Horses, it sounded like, galloping toward them. Beings on horses with nets and guns, chasing the primitives. Herding them, shooting and maiming and trampling them all. It was like some nightmare, and they were caught up in it, as the dark horsemen started toward them, too. Then Taylor looked up and stared wide-eyed at the riders above him. Monkeys! No... Apes! Apes riding horses and holding rifles and yelling orders.

Even so, Taylor is luckier than his mates, Dodge and Landon, as he is taken alive to share a makeshift prison cell with Nova, the pretty primitive.





George Taylor breathes easier when he finds he is able to strike up candid conversation with sympathetic simians Cornelius (Roddy McDowall) and Zira (Kim Hunter) who help the desperate human formulate a plan of escape.

Apes! Taylor gasped and clutched at his throat. He had been shot! He slipped backward over the top of a small gully and fell, and as he landed he was caught in a net. The apes tied him to a pole and hustled him off to a cage filled with other captive people. He clutched at the bars and saw death. Men and women hanging by their wrists, by their feet, being photographed with their captors and killers like they were some kind of garish trophies. The dead were piled atop each other and burned or buried in mass

guess, and hope they weren't part of the huge pile of dead back at the cornfields.

Turning, Taylor noticed the dark-eyed girl who'd also been thrown into his cage. They were both terrified, and mutually suspicious. But they were both prisoners. The girl realized immediately that the man beside her was certainly not one of her people. Intrigued, she moved closer. Taylor, feeling pity for her people, smiled gently to her. By the time the cage reached its destination, the two trusted each other completely.

GO APE, YOUNG MAN!

The destination was a town of Apes... looking like some twisted architect's grisly dream. There were no squares or circles, just crooked, clashing shapes connected by catwalks and bridges, separated by erratic moats and streets. Even the windows were irregularly shaped, and the whole place suggested the fact that the apes were once tree-climbers.

Their escorts were still on horseback, still with rifles, and now Apes were everywhere... whole families of them watching the wagons coming into town, the children looking as if they were seeing a carnival freak show.

They were led from the wagon, still bound, to some sort of dark complex of buildings that looked as if they were built half underground. The place was cold and dark, with the stench of waste and death. And then Taylor saw what sort of building he was in. Bars and small rooms and larger ones for whole groups of... animals? No... for people. A zoo for human beings! He struggled, and a large gorilla, clad in a black leather suit, came from the shadows behind him and clubbed him almost senseless. The dark-eyed girl screamed, and together they were pushed into a large cage. Through blurred eyes, Taylor could see the gorilla... smiling? Yes. A mocking smile, a leer through the fur-lined mouth that held a cigar. And then he slept from desperation and weariness and the pain in his throat.

He awoke to feel cold water washing over his rag-clad body. Water under pressure. Dirty water that tasted of silt and mud, directed by a gorilla guard. Was it the same one? They all looked alike to him... but they they probably thought

the same of human-beings. He was slowly beginning to reverse the roles of humans and animals in his bewildered mind. They were hosing him, as human guards did to caged animals back on Earth! He grabbed at the bars and tried to reach at the gorilla, and snarled as he tried to scream obscenities at the fat Ape. Off to one side he was being watched by a young couple of... What were they, chimps? Yes... Chimps on two legs with human eyes and voices, with finely toolled outfits and boots and insignias. But these two had something more in their eyes: Pity and sympathy. He was being looked upon as a human being for the first time by the strange inhabitants of this crazed world.

Taylor, meanwhile, had named the dark-eyed girl "Nova," and developed quite a protective interest in her. His fear for Nova proved to be justified, as he learned just why the Chimps were showing pity for them. All at once the door to their cage was forced opened, and strong Gorilla-hands were taking Taylor and Nova down a dark corridor. They were led to a small room with two rough wooden beds. They were strapped down, and through enraged eyes Taylor could see the Chimps. They were clad in aprons and gloves, stained with old clotted blood. There were knives and scalpels scattered around the room, and in one corner the gruesome remains of what had once been living men and women. Another shock in his nightmare... they were in a biology lab about to be dissected. Taylor tried to scream, but still couldn't make a sound. He strained his neck to look at Nova, strapped to the table next to him. She didn't know what was going to happen to them, but was terrified because Taylor was. She screamed the scream he couldn't let escape from his wounded throat. But soon the scream, his wounds, the whole answer to this crazy riddle of where they were would no longer matter. They would both be dead.

APE GOT YOUR TONGUE?

The two Chimps, Cornelius and Zira, readied the apparatus, when suddenly Zira, the wife of Dr. Cornelius, started to argue... in perfect English, and now for the first time Taylor realized these Apes were all speaking English! He could tell them off in his own tongue with all the curses he could muster, and they would

Continued on page 29



Taylor's attempted jailbreak meets with little success as club-wielding apes take off in hot pursuit. Despite his heavy combat boots, fleet-footed gorilla catches up to the ragged Commander as they square off in brutal battle.

graves. The living were dragged off to... what? Taylor, struck speechless by the bullet, tried to yell to the beasts, but no sound came from his mouth. He felt the cage-wagon start across the rough ground, and started to think about what this could all mean, where he was and what would happen to his fellows and himself. What of his friends? They had all been separated, and Taylor could only

Taylor found himself pitted against a strange and formidable foe... a creature possessing the intelligence of a man and the brute strength of an Ape.

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CONAN

THE BARBARIAN

by Michael Uslan

A LOOK AT
MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP'S
BRASH
BARBARIAN

Guess you never knew there were Olympics in Conan's day. Here the Cimmerian practices the javelin throw, but he lost to a Russian from Moscow.

The trend for the super-hero in comic books is thundering to a halt. Readers are searching for something more basic. So let's take the super-hero and strip him of his costume. We'll make him bleed when wounded, give him a sword, and set his adventures in mythological worlds of ritual magic and hand-to-hand combat. Instead of tongue-in-cheek action with a mad scientist or inter-dimensional imp, really spice up them stories by pitting the hero against the most satanic spawns of Hell. Add a dash of good, crisp violence, obvious sensuality, and good old bloodlust, crown our creation with superb artwork and descriptive imagery and

we enter the comic book arena of Sword and Sorcery led by Robert E. Howard's CONAN THE BARBARIAN.



"Tally Ho, by Crom!" bellows Conan as he and Jenna ride off into the sunset in search of love, adventure and a bunch of things the Comics Code doesn't allow.



CONAN in comic book form is the raw gut fighting sequences laced with the gothic overtones of Black Magic. His adventures take place some 10 to 20,000 years ago, shortly after the continent of Atlantis sank into the seas. The world tipsily on the brink of chaos, the forces of mankind compete with the forces of magic for possession of the earth. With CONAN representing Man, the action is always inherently savage. The cover of issue number one, October 1970, offered the reader a glimpse of the battles to come.

And how have those multic cosmic battles been handled? Well...

Barry Smith's detailed and powerful artwork time after time reflects all the power of intergalactic combat, yet maintains smooth sophistication. A masterly "art nouveau" effect in comix.

As a man, CONAN is clearly a barbarian, exhibiting base emotions that would have made any school-teacher's hair stand on end. CONAN is a champion of himself, with the skill of a thief and a desire for riches. Occasionally, CONAN emerges from the self-interested shell that

Here's the Cimmerian hero doing his "Peeping Conan" routine on an unfaithful Jenna. He later threw her into a mud hole, fully clothed no less!

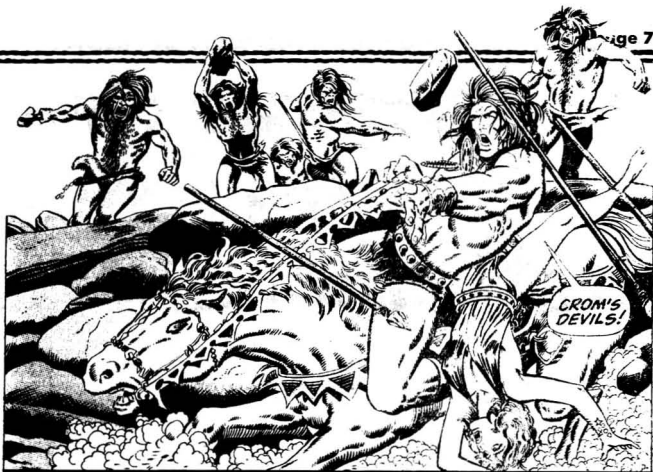


surrounds him to offer his assistance to some damsel in distress. More often than not, this has brought him the same kind of trouble SUPERMAN would run into with Lois Lane 20,000 years later. CONAN's passions bring him little satisfaction but many dangers. In Marvel's unintentionally one-shot, black and white

magazine, SAVAGE TALES (May 1971), CONAN lusts for a snow nymph who entices him into a chase through the icelands. As he finally catches the naked beauty, her brothers, the ice giants, unsheath swords and vie for CONAN's head. In a fierce and bloody clash, the barbarian slays the giants and turns to the not-so-naïve nymph, who is rescued just in the nick of time by the power of "Ymir," the frost king.

Trace the changing looks of CONAN since issue number one. He is purposely being aged slowly by the artist and writer in order to show adventures from his youth as a thief, from his years as a soldier, to his eventual rise to kingship. The progression will take some time, as by the fifteenth issue he just begins to go a soldiering. He's lost his lean, youthful physique, he's become more muscular with each succeeding issue.

There has been a dazzling array of wild females gracing the pages. CONAN has met



Conan was always great with a horse. The fact that poor Jenna fell off, and apparently got speared doesn't seem to bother him any. He wasn't civilized, you know!



We copped these panels from MARVELMAINA No. 4. They were slated for Conan No. 1 but never made it. It's nice art, but we really think Conan should do something about those ugly back wrinkles he exhibits in the third panel.



goddesses, sorcerer's daughters, enchantresses, nymphs, and even female thieves. These beauties have been featured on covers with CONAN nearly as many times as his sword has been. Their intent in journeying with him on adventures varies. Some are evil and out to steal his gold, or simply kill him. Others love him. A few are pawns of demons, mystic shaman, or magicians—the "magic" lot who are enemies of the savage human. Most notable of his women, the sultry seducing vixen of the Devil City of Shadizar... Jenna. Several times CONAN "has had" with this wench! she has been carried off by flying monsters. Everything from a giant bat to a human condor have tried their best to separate the two, yet only Jenna has the ability to conquer the might of her hero who in his just and mighty turn has conquered all of the flying creatures. Being viciously greedy, Jenna continually betrays him for gold. CONAN triumphs, however, in issue eleven (November 1971) when he pitches her off the roof of a building. Now, if only SUPERMAN would wise up to that nebbish Lois Lane...

This sword and sorcery trend, returning the hero to such rugged basics as BEOWULF (Conan's literary great-grand father), seems to be successful. Already, Marvel has been producing (very erratically due to production problems) another great Robert E. Howard heroic guy, Atlantean period hero, "King Kull." Latest word has it that he will once again be featured in his own comic book, GULLIVAR JONES, WARRIOR OF MARS, a new Marvel rendition of the Edwin L. Arnold series, currently appearing in CREATURES ON THE LOOSE, but also soon to be given its own book. Other upcoming sword and sorcery comix will be

another Robert E. Howard adaptation—SOLOMON KANE, a necromancy-fighting Puritan. In a similar vein is Marvel's jungle hero, "Ka-Zar" who resides in ASTONISHING TALES.

Word even echoes through Fandom that Stan Lee and Co. will be further expanding this trend with a comic book version of BEOWULF.

DC's Nightmaster by Deny O'Neil and Berni Wrightson, was an interesting hero with a good concept, but was unable to catch on. As the super-heroes have all centered around SUPERMAN, the new wave of s around TARZAN and CONAN. CONAN in particular, provides entertainment on many levels, and can be appreciated for its stark action on a simplistic level or for its very fine visual and scripted artistry on an intellectual level.⁴ Its financial successes will hopefully pave the way for more books of the Robert E. Howard spirit, as CONAN proves false the old adage, "Crom does not pay!"

MORE OF MR. HOWARD

Hey, kiddies... dig Robert E. Howard's CONAN? If you do, then the Mighty Men at Marvel have a surprise for you. Coming up in the first or second issue of CHAMBER OF CHILLS is a new adaptation of "The Thing On The Roof," which Howard did for his book DARK MAN.

The eight-page comic story is adapted by Roy Thomas (the self-same man who writes CONAN and KULL) and is drawn by free-wheeling (formerly "far-out") Frank Brunner. Frank tells us that it's a real beauty, so watch for it on your newsstands. That's an order!

Conan takes a brutal swipe at this slithering seven headed serpent. The ASPCA didn't dig this panel too much, in fact Conan was fined three gold pieces.





No. 1, Collector's Edition (Kong, Etc.), \$2. Monstrous premiere issue containing stories on the savouirs of King Kong, NOSFERATU, and DER GOLEM. Also, THE GHOULS, art by Berni Wrightson and Grey Morrow, a review of THINGS TO COME and a special treatment of Buck Rogers.



No. 2, STAR TREK, Special, \$2. A special issue dedicated to all aspects of STAR TREK. The Star Trek Saga, The ENTERPRISE'S greatest missions, an interview with Capt. Kirk. The last days of the ENTERPRISE, STAR TREK comics, and a special parody, STAR YECCHI! Star Trek Lives!



No. 3, Giant BUGS on the Munch, \$1. Our all bug issue. Review of the great bug movie, THEM, bug-heroes in the comics, Mushroom Monsters, part two of KONG'S SAVIORS, and THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS by H.G. Wells. Plus a Rich Buckler comic strip and a tremendous Kong centerfold.

The Monster Times BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT



No. 4, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, \$1. A giant review of THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, features on THE PULPS, comic book's GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW, and E.C. movie, TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Plus the ten crumbiest horror flicks of 1971, DRACULA goes to court and Jeff Jones comic art in color.



No. 5, CREATURE, Featured, \$1. Auto-biography and centerfold of the one and only CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. Also, an exclusive interview with Joe Kubert, author-artist-editor of the new TARZAN comics, review of the STAR TREK con, ESQUIRE's new hip comics, Jeff Jones comics, Mushroom Monsters and Bogie's only horror flick.



No. 6, ZOMBIES on Parade, \$1. A survey of all the zombies in movies, plus the ASTRO ZOMBIES and THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. A feature on zombies in the comics, a review of Berni Wrightson's BADTIME STORIES, and a Dan Green zombie strip. Plus, a perfectly foul zombie centerfold.



No. 7, GODZILLA, \$1. The king of the monsters gets his own issue, complete with giant feature and colorful centerfold. The King Kong Commercial for Volkswagen. King Kong comics, the Comic Art Awards, Mushroom Monsters, Hot Prints, DARK DOMAINS by Gray Morrow and more.



No. 8, HAMMER Horror, \$1. All Hammer, All Horror! An exclusive interview with Chris Lee, the CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF comic strip, THE HORROR OF DRACULA filmbook, The Hammer Checklist, The Beauties of the Beast and much more. Horror galore!



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their clutches will disintegrate you!

A NIGHTMARE COMES
ALONE... TERRIFYING ACID
BLEEDING MONSTERS
READY TO CREMATE THE
HUMAN RACE!!

THE NAVY



BY JOE KANE

VS THE NIGHT MONSTERS

"Beware of the Night Crawlers... their clutches will disintegrate you!"

So reads the poster for **THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS**, a 1966 clutch at immortality by a company calling itself REALART Pictures. You better watch out in any case because if the Night Crawlers get a hold of you, you can bet you'll melt in their hands, not in their mouths.

Realart, whose sense of self-irony is amply demonstrated by their choice of a company name, gathered together a cast for **THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS** that sounds like it was recruited from a Central Casting unemployment line: Mamie Van Doren (of sexpot fame), Anthony Eisley (of Hawaiian Eye fame), Pamela Mason (of James Mason fame), Billy Gray (of Father Knows Best fame), Bobby Van (of dancing fame), and Walter Sande, Edward Faulkner and Phillip Terry (of no

particular fame at all). Realart (still the best movie company title since Boxoffice Spectacular, who released a gore opus called **BLOOD FEAST** in 1963, and Exploitation Films who were responsible for something called **ROCKET ATTACK USA** back in 1961) has numerous other horror films to its credit, including the **HEIDEOUS SUN DEMON AND WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET**, the latter having shared a double bill with **THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS**. For the information of anyone who might be interested in such things, the options on **THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS** have been since picked up by Hemisphere Films, who already have epics like **BLOOD DEMON, BLOOD FIEND, BRAIN OF BLOOD, BEAST OF BLOOD, BRIDES OF BLOOD, MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, I DRINK YOUR BLOOD AND I EAT YOUR SKIN** to answer for.

SPINE-TINGLING SIGHTS

According to its own publicity release, **THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS** offers such "spine-tingling sights as hideous man-eating trees, horribly mutilated corpses, acid scarred hands, dismembered arms and gouged-out eyes" which alone are said to be worth the price of admission. The hand-picked cast were, Realart copywriters insist, dying to win a part in this flick which, they probably figured would give their assorted fading careers a strong push in one direction or another. Anthony Eisley, for example, who essays the role of Lt. Charles Brown, commander of the remote

This guy made the mistake of barking up the wrong tree... and paid for it with his life.



she "becomes involved in a series of horrifying experiences which afford her a chance to display a wide range of emotions," whereas Pamela Mason considered "her demanding role in **THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS** one of her biggest professional challenges to date." It's not often that actors get to compete with 6 foot trees, and still less often that they are upstaged by same. Once the able cast had been assembled, the next question was: would the script be able to match their talents? The answer was, unfortunately, yes.

At any rate, the troubles on Gow Island begin with a plane, empty of everything except a pilot who is "frozen to the controls in a state of extreme shock" and a cargo of "caged penguins, files of official papers, and several bales of exotic vegetation, one of which is broken open." Everyone involved is pretty upset by the mysterious appearance of the ghost plane and things get even worse when most of the cast starts to disappear as well. The first to go is Billy Gray, followed closely by the light-footed Bobby Van. The latter happens when Van, who plays Ensign Rutherford Chandler, becomes alarmed when "the camp pet, Dog, attacks something and... lets loose a blood-freezing yelp." Upon investigating, Van vanishes.

THE TREE DID IT

As it turns out the "exotic vegetation," if the form of a 6 foot tree, is at the root of these disturbances. They had been planted, see, by a biologist named Dr. Arthur Beecham (Walter Sande) in the "hot springs" but soon enough the trees turn up missing too. When Beecham and the pretty nurse Nora (Mamie Van Doren) go to investigate further, they find that one of the trees has transplanted itself miles away from its original habitat. The tree's first reaction upon spying the pair is, predictably enough, to make a grossly physical pass at Ms. Van Doren. Enraged by this misconduct, Dr. Beecham heaves a Molotov cocktail at the tree just in time, making it die like it deserves. He then explains to Nora how the tree got there in the first place. The answer is as blunt as the nose on his face—it walked.

Although most of the film's 87 minutes have elapsed by this time, our heroes run into a few more walking trees, dealing with them in a similar manner, setting them aflame, until at last all of the trees are dead. At this point, a relieved Mamie sighs, "Thank God—it's all over," which, in case you haven't figured it out already, are our sentiments exactly. ■

Gow Island Naval Base "spent several days at Naval bases in Long Beach and San Diego, in which he was given thorough instruction in the duties of an Administrator." Mamie Van Doren goes dramatic for the first time in this film as

The Night Monsters shared a "Realart" double-bill with **WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET**, but what we want to know is how can a fight between "savage planet WOMEN" and "FEMALE space invaders" constitute a "battle of the sexes"?

WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET

Released by
REALART
Pictures



IT'S THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES AS SAVAGE PLANET
WOMEN ATTACK FEMALE SPACE INVADERS!!

What's a movie like FRITZ THE CAT doing in a nice paper like this? Well, you may remember (or you may not—if you wanna be that way about it) that way back in TMT No. 1 we pledged this publication to the exploration of ALL manner of fantasy, even works that do not feature so much as a single monster in them, if we feel they deserve the attention, as FRITZ THE CAT does. And, since FRITZ is X-rated, many of our readers will not get an opportunity to see this unique innovation in film animation for several years yet. Besides, contributing editor Phil Seuling served as one of the voices on the flick's soundtrack and he said we should do an article about it and he's bigger than the rest of us, so... here it is...



FRITZ IS A SOPHISTICATED, UP-TO-MINUTE YOUNG FELINE COLLEGE STUDENT WHO LIVES IN A MODERN "SUPERCITY" OF MILLIONS OF ANIMALS... YES, NOT UNLIKE PEOPLE IN THEIR MANNERS AND MORALS...

Cartoons can be loads of fun. Kids have and probably always will find them a source of total, unrestrained entertainment. Let's see now, there was Mickey, Donald, Yogi, Bugs... EGAD! How many of these pen and brush beasts have there been? And now, in this troubled day and age, joining the honored but overcrowded ranks of animated animals comes a cat of a different color, a frisky feline with a lot on his mind (most of which is unprintable). I am speaking of none other than (ahem) FRITZ THE CAT. No gang, not FELIX the CAT, but FRITZ... R. Crumb's outrageous pussycat teeny-bopper revolutionary college student who discovers the meaning of life in his new X-rated feature movie. What? You never heard of Fritz before? Well then, read on...

Fritz is a wild wildcard wonder conceived by Mister R. Crumb (No foolin'—that's the guy's name!) who was cat-apulted to stardom in his creator's

FRITZ made his first public appearance in the wildly perverse pages of R. Crumb's "Head Comic," which also featured such noteworthy Crumb characters as Mr. Natural, Schuman the Human, and Fliskey Foont.



BY GARY GERANI

imaginative project, "Head" Comic. "Head" offered many different cartoon characters, but Fritz was certainly the most appealing, possibly because his young readers identified with him. He was a hip, now, crazy character with a taste for the sweeter things in life. Could be that's the reason his first flick was rated X. Oh, well...

In any event, the movie starts with Fritz and his pal desperately trying to play it cool with some Greenwich Village chicks. (To keep the records straight, the word "chick" is used in the slang sense. To the best of this reviewer's knowledge, there were no chickens per se involved here). Anyway, it becomes painfully obvious that these equally hip and now ladies are more interested in the cultural prospects of the local crowd. (Ahem—another note. The word "crow" is not used in the slang sense. This is R. Crumb's humorous interpretation of the black man in our society). The film goes on for the next half hour in much the same manner, with cats jabbering on with puppydogs and crows doing their thing until, somewhere along the line, a wild party is thrown (Fritz does the throwing... it's a private party), and it takes a couple of hair-brained cops to calm the cool cat down. The cops are—you guessed it—a pair of pigs! In all honesty, only one cop was represented as a pig in the original comic, the other being a bulldog of sorts. But, returning to our precarious plotline, our hero succeeds in copping one of the cop's guns and



Two comic version cops (K-9 and Porker) crash on fire, our favorite pussycat finds himself in the heart of Harlem where he befriends a likable crowd named Duke. Fritz's outspoken convictions once again land him in trouble-ville, and this time his new-found pal saves his furry hide. Before long the two steal a car, which Fritz promptly smashes. (In case you haven't

brings the situation to a flushing halt by assassinating the nearest toilet bowl. Needless to say, Fritz is now a confirmed criminal.

After accidentally setting his college on fire, our favorite pussycat finds himself in the heart of Harlem where he befriends a likable crowd named Duke. Fritz's outspoken convictions once again land him in trouble-ville, and this time his new-found pal saves his furry hide. Before long the two steal a car, which Fritz promptly smashes. (In case you haven't

guessed, Fritz is not exactly a joy to have around). After another night of pure pleasure, this time inspired by a rather over-developed friend of Duke's the cat decides that his crow-friends are oppressed and proceeds to scream and rave about the white domination of black animals. This, quite naturally, results in a riot where his friend Duke is killed and Harlem (no kiddin'!) is bombed!!!

Our idealistic kitten, however, is unharmed and hits the road of new mischief. Before long he runs into

(figuratively speaking, of course) a motorcycle-sadist-clump creep who convinces Fritz to blow up a building in the name of the Revolution. Not knowing exactly what revolution he's working for and not particularly caring, the cat succeeds in blowing up his target as well as himself and is last seen in a nearby hospital, joined by his rascally lady-friends for a jaunt in bed. Well folks, that's life!

"BLOW ME DOWN"

A number of noted cartoon characters were present at the opening of FRITZ THE CAT and, although their opinions varied, the general feeling that prevailed was one of shock and disgrace. "I'd say 'Well blow me down'", remarked Popeye, not showing his thirty some-odd years in the business, "cause it sure ain't like the way we use 'a make'em-I mean, molskin' wimmen an'all!" Some cartoon personalities felt differently. Felix (the cat, of course) entered the theater screaming his traditional "rightio!" but left uttering a somber, more meaningful "right on!" Yogi Bear and Cindy were present (Boo-Boo, unfortunately, was under age) and when asked his opinion Mr. Bear remarked, "All that time I wasted with that dude, Ranger Smith! Fritz is certainly smarter than this average bear!"

And, as if all this information wasn't meaningless enough, here's a **MONSTER TIMES** special-type scoop!... a first

hand interview with a pig (?) and a crow (?)!... (read on and you'll dig what we mean).

And here's a TMT instant comparison between the animated scene in FRITZ and the original comic version by Robert Crumb. Fritz is still super-cool in both versions.



OWN YOUR OWN FRITZ T-SHIRT

In keeping with our Fritz schtick this issue, TMT sent one of its errand staffers all the way to darkest Atlantic City to fetch a Fritz T-Shirt, one not unlike the one glimpsed briefly in TMT No. 10 (in fact, the very same one!). She claimed she paid \$2.50 for the item, which is not bad considering that it costs about seven bucks to buy a T-shirt adorned by a blow-up of your own photo—and how many of us can claim to be as handsome and rugged as Fritz, the funky feline! Our distaff staffer, in fact, was so taken by her Fritz T-shirt that, in a moment of pique, she blurted, "As long as I'm wearing this, I'll never give you the shirt off my back!"

Fritz and his Ms. Grace only one of several R. Crumb T-shirts currently available. There's a Mr. Natural T-shirt on the loose, as well as a Keep On Truckin' number, and all live up to the high standards set by the Fritz job. The Fritz shirt really caught on like wildfire at the TMT office, incidentally. Before long, we were all wearing one and, in a fit of



This is Super-Seuling (MT Associate Editor and Comic book swan supreme!) in his brand new FRITZ T-shirt. Editor Seuling was two voices in FRITZ THE CAT, and now he thinks he's stronger than dirt! Reporter Clark Kent over at the Daily Planet better watch out... we hear Phil is challenging Kent to wrestle.

whimpy, we even strode en masse into the streets of Greenwich Village for the purpose of showing off our new-found finery—only to discover that everyone on the street was wearing one too! But don't worry—we sent them running quick enough. I mean, no one can act as original as us and expect to get away with it.

The only drawback we could discern about the Fritz T-shirt, Editor Seuling is NOT fireproof. We found this out by sending an TMT employee into the incinerator, ostensibly for the purpose of scrounging up some cigarette butts for us. When we were sure that he was safely inside, we closed the door on him for several minutes. When he emerged he was pretty burned up about it—and so was the T-shirt. But this shouldn't effect the decision of normal people, so, if you feel you fit into that category, by all means get yourself a Fritz T-shirt—it'll last you through all nine lives.

Well Gang, I think that's about enough of this nonsense for the time being. Seriously, FRITZ THE CAT is a wild experience and it's darn shame if you don't get a chance to catch this. Many kids today have never seen a fully animated cartoon (most of the new stuff on the tube is mini-budgeted grey animated only in part) and this flick, animated and directed by Ralph Bakshi, is a fast-paced, colorful and truly exciting wonder. I guess the only thing youngsters can do is wait a few years until they can get into their local theaters without a hassle. And, if FRITZ is any indication, cartoons then should be really something!



Phil Seuling's sonorous larynx gave life to this law enforcement officer or "pig." While Phil's voice might have been perfect for the part, you can see that compared to Phil (in T-shirt) the cartoon cop had nothing to worry about in the looks dept.

PHIL SEULING...SUPER STAR

What would you do if a long-haired, sharp featured man wearing bright yellow dungarees walked into your office, claiming to be the star of an animated movie. You'd probably throw him out. Except if the offices are those of THE MONSTER TIMES, and the man is an MT Contributing Editor, Phil Seuling.

Yes, boys and girls, TMT's own man-about-town, Phillip N. Seuling, is a star. A bone-fide movie idol, hero of millions! Phil cracked the rough and tumble movie scene by doing two voices for the smash movie cartoon, FRITZ THE CAT. Phil plays a rookie cop who's a real dummy, and a black crow who's really with it.

When we asked Phil how it felt being a screen smash, he answered "It feels nice."

Despite his cavalier attitude, and although he only got a token payment, he claims it's one of his greatest roles (come to think of it, as far as we know, it's his only role...) Phil has now done just about everything... teacher, writer, comic book dealer, convention chairman, and now star of the silver screen. It boggles the imagination!

Phil later related how he had met the director of FRITZ THE CAT through a mutual friend who had invited him to a screening. As a result Phil was used in the flick, and sparkled with such lines as: "I ain't no live-turkey! What ya think I am... Geraldine?"

According to our intrepid movie star, the whole cartoon was done without a shooting script. The scenes were drawn and animated, the voices briefed on the plot of each scene,

then freed to use any dialogue they desired. Such inventing as you go is called improvisation, and while it Doesn't always work well, it sometimes renders spectacular results. Apparently, Phil was so impressive in his role as an officer of the law, the directors added several scenes just to accommodate him. The cop later developed into a major character in the final version.

Phil took five sessions to get everything down, but he said that he enjoyed them all. And since the improvisational method is off-the-cuff and unrehearsed, we asked Phil if, given the chance, he'd have delivered lines differently. He doubted it, but admitted that there was "no way to answer" the question, and that he could second guess himself forever. We doubt he will, though.

A side-light to the whole magilla was Phil's taking his whole theatre class to one of the recording sessions (Phil's a teacher by trade who wants to do some radio commercials). He reports that the whole class had a ball, and asked a million questions. Probably the same questions we threw at Phil as soon as we heard. Everyone loves a star!

One of the questions that always seemed to pop up: What was Phil's response when he heard his movie voice? He said that it didn't bother him or impress him at all, but did admit "when the audience laughs at one of your lines, oh wow, it's really something else..."

As far as the rest of the TMT staff is concerned, Phil is still Phil, despite the hundreds of star-adoring groupies that now surround him. He's still quite human. And, then again, we occasionally have to call the shrink for him. Seems as if every once in a while he breaks into an uncontrollable cackle. If we didn't know him better, we'd swear he's a black crow!

—Joe Brancatelli



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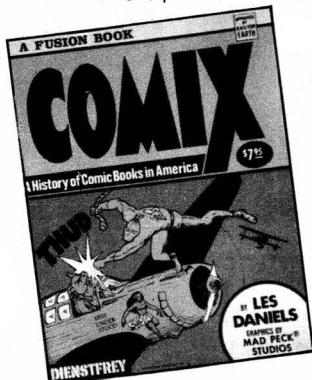
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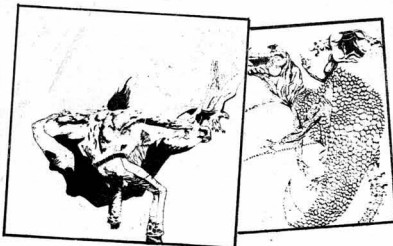
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CARTOON & COMIC STRIP ART

BY JOE BRANCA, ELLI



The man with the beard is Jerry Robinson, co-ordinator of the whole exhibit. He drew the Batman cover shown here in 1942. The villain making time is The Joker, history's only white-faced performer... The poster was displayed in the window of the Graham Gallery. The taxi just happened to be passing by.



Ever been to Madison Avenue? Up where all the swank art galleries are? You know, the ones that exhibit all kinds of wonderful art from places you never heard of? Like South Pago-Pago art from 1625. Last month (April 4-29), however, the prestigious GRAHAM GALLERIES (1914 Madison Avenue) decided that the time had come to exhibit the art of the people. The art that you wrap your fish in. The art that you've taken for granted all these years, looking at in the papers, reading on Sunday mornings. That art, the art of millions, comic art, was the subject of a two floor, 125 piece exhibition at that self-same gallery.

Although the comics looked a little out of place at the stodgy, holier-than-thou gallery, it was fun finally seeing comics getting their just due. For years everyone thought of comics as great entertainment, but hardly art. It was not until the Cultural Center held a magnificent, 300 piece exhibit run by comic expert Maurice Horn that the general public began realizing that comic art was for real, and was, indeed, a legitimate fine art. Something we fans have known for years.

This particular display at GRAHAM was run by long time comic artist Jerry Robinson. Mr. Robinson was the long-time artist on Batman in the 1940's and was credited with the invention of The Joker, one of Batman's most popular foes, and a poker-faced villain if ever we've seen one. He's also the artist on the currently running comic strips *Still Life* and *Classroom Flubs and Fluffs*, and to top it off, he currently is writing a book

entitled (what else?) COMICS: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF

This is the world famous fall-off-a-cliff-white-bound-and-gagged act from a 1940 TERRY AND THE PIRATES.



SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF COMIC STRIPART. Some title, eh?

The display itself was nicely laid out, and spacious, if not all inclusive. While the exhibit ignored many of the great artists of the time, it also managed to unearth pieces of great art long presumed lost.

The exhibit had some really nice old pieces. Some of them included in that group was: LITTLE BEANS AND TIGERS by Jimmy Swinnerton (the first piece of comic art from 1897, THE YELLOW KID by Richard Outcault (the first comic strip— from 1898 and LITTLE NEMO by Windsor McCay (a highly imaginative strip that is still revered today) from 1906.

There was also plenty of humor strips included. Among them were included LIL ABNER, PEANUTS, FEIFFER, MUTT AND JEFF, KRAZY KAT (the all time greatest, currently running on TV in cartoon form and being reprinted by NEWSDAY), BLONDE, and the hostess of the new humor strips, BROOM-HILDA (by Russell Myers). The adventure strips were also well-represented in a display including, PRINCE VALIANT, FLASH GORDON, RIP KIRBY, TERRY AND

THE PIRATES, and CAPTAIN EASY.

Specialty comics were also well-represented by pieces by artists like Richard Taylor (from NEW YORKER), Thomas Nast (who, for you history buffs, had a big part in exposing Boss Tweed and Tammany Hall), and of special interest to MT fans, Charles Addams (creator of TV's ADDAMS FAMILY, and a cartoonist whose monsters became so famous that seven books have been printed about them). And Jerry Robinson had lots of his own art there (he just happened to have it around, we're sure).

As you might expect at a posh art gallery, many of the strips were for sale. Unfortunately, the prices were so restrictive (\$900 for a PRINCE VALIANT, \$600 for a Charles Addams) that we are sure very few will be sold.

A reasonably priced catalog from the exhibit is available from the galleries for \$2.

All in all, it was a pretty neat show, a little weak on some artists that should have been represented, a little heavy on others (notably Robinson himself), but it was fun. Besides how often do you get to go to Madison Avenue and see how the rich folks live?

In the spirit of William Baring-Gould's Sherlock Holmes of Baker St. and Philip Jose Farmer's Tarzan Lives, The Monster Times presents:

an interview with Count Dracula

BY ROGER SINGLETON

PRELUDE

I was on my way to a well-known midtown hotel for an appointment one rainy night in April. This was no ordinary appointment but an interview that I looked forward to with a mixture of eager anticipation and cold fear. The individual whom I was to interview was none other than Count Dracula.

Vampires exist. Count Dracula is real. Those are two of my firmest convictions. Years of research and recent months of investigation had led me to believe that even more strongly. When I received a telegram instructing me to meet someone who claimed to be Dracula, naturally I was skeptical. However, I could not afford to pass up what might be a unique opportunity.

DINNER WITH DRAC

The taxi deposited me at the hotel near Central Park where I was to have dinner with the Count. A private elevator delivered me to the penthouse apartment which the Count occupied. The plush decor was striking and surprising. The textured crimson wallpaper and richly

served, sir," he said pleasantly enough, "This way please." I breathed a sigh of relief and followed him down a dimly lit corridor. There was no sign of the Count.

QUITE A CARD

Then I noticed the card on the dining table:

"Forgive me, but business has prevented me from joining you. Please enjoy your dinner and I will be with you soon.
Your Friend,
Dracula

I must say I was not really surprised. So far I was beginning to believe this was the real thing and this seemed perfectly in character. I shuddered to think about his "business."

For over an hour I only picked at the dinner. I remember little about what was served. But during that time I was determined that, having started this, I would see it through regardless of the consequences.

"Lugosi had a certain old world charm, but he was certainly a far cry from the way I see myself . . ."

piled carpet was a far cry from the creepy gothic atmosphere I had anticipated. Yet, for all the luxury, there was something more frightening about this place than if it were a gothic ruin.

While I waited in the foyer for someone to greet me, I began to feel that I was being watched. The silhouette of a man appeared in the doorway in front of me and I froze in fear. He stepped into the light and proved to be an inconspicuous looking servant. "Dinner is

After dinner I was ushered into a drawing room where I waited for the better part of an hour. There was nothing that might distinguish this room as part of the vampire's lair, other than the wealth it seemed to represent. I stood before the fireplace, staring into the open flames, suddenly aware that I had never drawn up a will. Without warning a rich, resonant voice coming from behind me said, "Good evening . . . forgive me for having kept you waiting."

THE COUNT

I turned around quickly and saw someone who could have been none other than Count Dracula, my first impression convinced me I was not the victim of a hoax. The awe-inspiring presence of the man was proof enough that here indeed was Count Dracula. "Relax my friend, you have nothing to fear. I believe we can perform a great service for each other this evening," he said in a voice tinged with a faint foreign intonation; the only clue that English was not his native tongue.

Tall, lean, and elegantly dressed in black tie, the Count looked different from the way I had visualized him and somehow far more impressive than I had

which I consider unflattering. So I will answer your questions to the best of my ability." His gracious quality made it hard to believe that this continental gentleman was considered the world's greatest fiend. But I could not get over the cold, vice-like grip of his handshake.

NO PHOTOS

TMT: "Shall we begin then?" I asked as I pulled out my note pad. "Why did you forbid me to bring a camera or a tape recorder?"

D: I did not forbid you; I merely suggested that you should not burden yourself with useless devices. As you should well know, I do not cast a shadow

"My lawyer told me that David Frost wanted to do 90 minutes with me, and there was some talk of a television special . . ."

thought possible. I was amazed that he looked much younger than I had ever imagined him. His hair was a lustrous black and contrasted sharply with his pale complexion. The deep-set dark eyes were highlighted by thick eyebrows. He wore a moustache which camouflaged the large eyeteeth that protruded slightly over the lower lip.

"I have been aware of your efforts to locate me for some time," the Count said in his charming manner. "It seemed inevitable that we should meet, so I arranged this interview. I am glad to see you took my telegram on faith and came tonight . . . I regret the impersonal means of communication, but I felt that it was the most sensible approach.

"Your persistence in searching for me has been impressive," he continued. "I hope tonight's interview will be of mutual benefit to both of us. You see, I wish to set the record straight, as you Americans would say: to change a public image

or a reflection in a mirror. Does it not follow that I will not register an image on film, video, or audio tape?"

TMT: Of course! It only now occurred to me there isn't a mirror in your apartment and the indirect lighting makes shadows unlikely. By the way it's a lovely home you have here.

D: Thank you, I like it. But it is just one of many lairs I have in the metropolitan area. Though I miss the broken battlements of my castle in Transylvania, my present accommodations serve my purposes quite adequately.

TMT: Count, you are a vampire; in fact the King of Vampires, are you not? Could we delve into the particulars of vampirism?

D: Oh, that word! Vampire—I prefer "undead." You have no idea what it is really like to be a member of a minority group and have labels pinned on you! Oh, very well, then . . . if you must know about my "condition," so be it.

Continued on page 26



TMT sent ace illustrator Neal Adams uptown to do this pulsating portrait of the infamous Count. "Bloody well done!" quipped the Count, "Bloody well done! ..."

THIS IS COMMANDER TAYLOR.
ASTRONAUT. HE'S LANDED IN A
WORLD WHERE APES ARE THE
RULERS AND MAN THE
BEAST. NOW HE IS CAGED.
TORTURED. RISKS
MUTILATION. BECAUSE NO
HUMAN CAN REMAIN
HUMAN ON THE

PLANET OF THE APES



THESE WERE THE TERRIFYING, SHOCKING, SENSATIONAL, APPALLING, FORBIDDEN... BUT SIMPLY WONDERFUL...

HORROR COMICS

OF THE 1950'S

LOCKED... I'M LOCKED IN THIS MAUSOLEUM WITH... WITH THIS THING?

FEATURING

- THE CRYPT-KEEPER
- THE OLD WITCH
- THE VAULT-KEEPER

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THE MONSTER TIMES

P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station

New York, N.Y. 10011

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GIANT EC POSTERS!

TERROR

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

NO. 35 OCT.-NOV.

FEATURING

- THE CRYPT-KEEPER
- THE OLD WITCH
- THE VAULT-KEEPER

DEATH LIVES! In these two FULL-COLOR vintage E.C. Posters! Original covers of *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* NO. 35 and *THE VAULT OF HORROR* NO. 32. Never published in these versions because they were considered TOO frightening, these never-before-seen renditions can now be yours! Printed 22"x28" on sturdy paper stock, these masterpieces are always sent rolled, in sturdy mailing tubes, for Super-protection. The *VAULT* cover is by Johnny Craig, and the *CRYPT* cover by famed cartoonist Jack Davis. The best in art, color, clarity and horror, all yours for only \$2.50 plus .50 postage, each. The supply will be limited, so we urge you to order now!

THE MONSTER TIMES, DEPT. EC
P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station
New York, N.Y. 10011

Please send the full color posters I've checked below:

Yes, I want the *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* E.C. Horror Poster, by Jack Davis; enclosed is \$2.50 plus 50¢ postage (Total of \$3.00).

Yes, I want the *VAULT OF HORROR* E.C. Horror Poster, by Johnny Craig; enclosed is \$2.50 plus 50¢ postage (Total of \$3.00).

I am an E.C. FREAK, and must have BOTH these incredible posters. Enclosed find my \$4.60 plus 50¢ postage (Total of \$5.10).

NAME _____

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CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

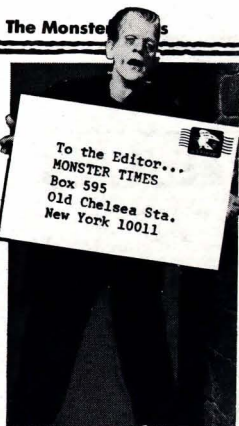
HORROR

THE VAULT OF HORROR

NO. 32 AUG.-SEPT.

FEATURING

- THE VAULT-KEEPER
- THE OLD WITCH
- THE CRYPT-KEEPER



EAGER BEAVER!

Dear Editor:

I guess I'm a typical Monster Times reader, although I was under the impression that there were only a few who read the 25¢ copy of "I am Legend", still had a collection of E.C. comics, saw all Hammer films, went bananas over the new DC Tarzan, and understood the meaning of "KLATEAU VERADA NICTO".

As long as you keep printing I'll keep buying. Keep up the good work. I was particularly interested in your article on "Night of the Living Dead". The director, George Romero, is now filming his second sci-fi flick in the same locale as "Living Dead" and with the same great techniques. I have a part in the film. It's called "The Crazies". Look for me. I play the deputy sheriff.

Tony Scott
WBVP Program Director
Beaver Falls, Pa.

We'll be looking for you, Tony. And let us know when it comes out. But what's a radio man doing in movies?

MAIL-ORDER VAMPIRES
MARCH AGAIN!

Dear Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on TMT. It is the most refreshing thing to happen to horror and sci-fi fans in many years. I wouldn't know what to say is the best part about it, it is diversified and excellent. Besides all the great articles and the information offered, I think that the Monster Market is a good idea. I am 25 years old, and most of the things sold in the back of the various monster mags, may not interest someone in my age bracket. I feel they appeal mostly to the children. Since they don't have as much spending money as say someone with a job, I think they should be warned of those who may separate them from their money with shoddy merchandise or excessive prices. If I may list a few examples: The Dracula record reviewed in issue No. 8 had the cover price as \$3.98. An ad in CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN offers it for \$5.95. Another example of inflation is the 8mm movies. In FAMOUS MONSTERS they are offered for \$6.95 plus postage. On the other hand in a mag. called FOR MONSTERS ONLY, the same films are offered for \$9.98 plus postage. These films are available in numerous camera departments & large department stores. The prices I have found them for were \$5.15, \$5.49, and \$5.95. You can see how some people can separate uninformed children from their allowances. There are a lot of things available through mail order, but if kids can read about them in your Monster Market, they may be aided in not wasting their money. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Robert W. Martin

P.S. I have found that the Godzilla model you discussed in issue No. 7 is unfortunately not the last in the world. I saw a number of them on sale in the Toy And Hobby Center in the Kings Plaza Shopping Center on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn. (glowing head and all) ...

Thanks Robert, and you can be sure that when we check prices and find too great a disparity, we'll report it. We try to keep readers informed of the rip-off artists, but they seem to be proliferating at an alarming rate. And if you find more info, please don't hesitate to let us know!

A MARVELOUS MT?

Dear Editor,

I like the MONSTER TIMES a lot. Your stories and artwork are great. There's just one thing I'd like to ask. How about an all-Marvel issue? You promised an all-Superman issue, so it's only fair that you have an all-Marvel issue. I would appreciate this very much and so would Marvel!

Sincerely yours,
Scott Martin
Ridge, New York

While we are planning an All-Superman issue of TMT, it's not inconceivable that we'll do an all-Marvel issue sometime in the future. If we do, you'll be the first to know.

TO DIME OR NOT TO DIME?
THAT IS THE QUESTION!

Dear Monster Times,

I am a great fan of yours, and I have read every one of your issues. I must say that you have done a terrific job! I enjoyed every issue, but as I was reading issue No. 8 I saw something more horrifying than Chris Lee himself! It was the price of the issue, 60 cents. I admit you have a really good mag but don't you think 60 cents is a trifle too much? We are not all made of money! Please give me an explanation for this.

Your fan,
Larry Patterson,
Fairfield, Conn.

We don't know anyone made of money. Larry. And that includes your stalwart (but poor) staff here at THE MONSTER TIMES. To be able to ship issues of your favorite monster publications all over the country we had to raise the price a dime. Ever rising shipping costs forced the price up. If you live in New York, though, it will still cost 50 cents. So, while we are sorry for the rise, we do promise to give you every penny of your money's worth and more. Then, of course, you could always move to New York.

SIBLING RIVALRY?

Dear Editor

Issue No. 9 of THE MONSTER TIMES was great, but the letter by John Spisote made no sense at all. (1) Anzilla is not Godzilla's brother (2) Anzilla was DESTROY ALL MONSTERS and was smaller than Godzilla. (3) Anzilla walks on all fours most of the time. (4) Just because Godzilla and Anzilla have almost the same name doesn't mean they are related.

Bob Skir
L.I., N.Y.

Can any of you monstrous fans clear up this burning question? Is Anzilla Godzilla's brother or not? The suspense is killing us!!

Send us so many letters, postcards, boosts, detractions, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.

IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS
by DANIEL COHEN,
Dodd, Mead & Company, \$4.95

6 ghosts have intrigued people for centuries. These white-sheeted apparitions have been the basis of legends for generations. What block hasn't had a haunted house, supposedly haunted by ghosts and goblins? What kid hasn't spent Halloween day masquerading as a ghost? And what kid hasn't thrilled to the exploits of Casper, the Friendly Ghost in cartoons and comics?

Responding to the tide of ghostly tales, and legends is IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS, by Daniel Cohen. In his new book (Dodd, Mead and Company, 182 pp.), Mr. Cohen ferrets out the truth from the false, the rumor from the reality, and the lies from the truth. Or at least he tries.

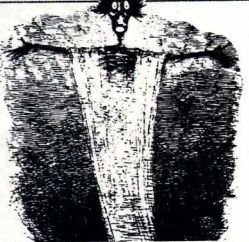
Unfortunately, unless a person is a true believer, or a yarn spinner, he is left with little new to say about ghosts. That seems to be Mr. Cohen's problem. He just doesn't have anything new to add. Research in the field of occult and phantasm (the study of ghosts) has been progressing for centuries, but IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS just won't add much to what already is known. To offset this, the author fabricates dubious tales. The book kicks off with a fast paced,



A 19th century artist's ille of a ghostly apparition.

superficial historical introduction. The author speaks of the primitive fear of the dead, moves through ghost tales in Grecian times, progresses through 19th century England, focusing on some of the more important cases of occultism. Cohen uses the old trick of leaving the reader hanging, letting him decide for himself the veracity of each individual case. There is nothing wrong with leaving each incident to its own merits, but we're all tired of trite diff-hangers with no ending. The dustjacket of IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS claims the book is a definitive history of ghosts, but it really doesn't give us any answers, regardless of what the dustjacket says.

The middle chapters of the book serves up highlights of the development



A 19th century sketch of a skeletal spirit who looks like he can't make up his mind whether he's the Scarer of the Scared.

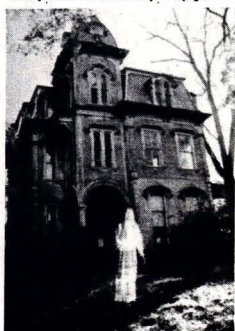
of the spiritualist movement (the thesis that spirits can communicate through mediums enveloped in trances). It ranges from the mysterious Fox case in 1848 to the development of the seance room and the Society for Psychical Research. Throughout this whole section, however, we are left with the distinct smell of incense from a circus sideshow. Cohen sensationalizes the spiritualist movement so thoroughly that it seems as if he's trying to sell ideas, not present things objectively. He lightly throws caution to the wind, and we're only surprised that he didn't bother to recommend his personal medium too.

Finally, Cohen provides several chapters on such sundry topics as "Haunted Houses and Poltergeists," and "Apparitions and Spirit Photographs."

There are some interesting little pieces of information in this book, but we expected more solid information from Mr. Cohen, who was formerly Managing Editor of SCIENCE DIGEST. It struck us as strange that a man with Cohen's science background tried to foist off a melange of rumors, lies and old wives' tales as factual information. IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS is interesting reading, but it won't make anyone a true believer, and it certainly won't further the science of ghosts any. For that, they'll have to look to better written books.

—Joe Brancatelli

Foto of ghost taken in front of haunted house in wish-you-were-here time pass. If you think this stately wreck is unimpressive, check out what's happening at Witch Willow a superhorror house you can find on the very next page.





STORY: BILL FERET
PICTURES: DAN GREEN



I WAS FOUND IN THE NORTH ATTIC OF WITCH-WILLOW HOUSE, AND THE NEW TENANT PLACED ME UPON THE DOOR FOR WHICH I WAS ORIGINALLY *INTENDED*.

HE POLISHED ME TILL I SHINED AND SPOKE OF THE COMING OF HIS NEW BRIDE.

SHE'LL JUST LOVE IT HERE, I KNOW IT!



HIS BRIDE FINALLY DID ARRIVE, BUT HER ATTITUDE WAS NOT ONE OF CHEER.



...IT'S SO OLD AND EVIL LOOKING...

...LAWRENCE, HOW COULD YOU BRING ME HERE?



THEY FOUGHT CONSTANTLY ABOUT THE HOUSE....

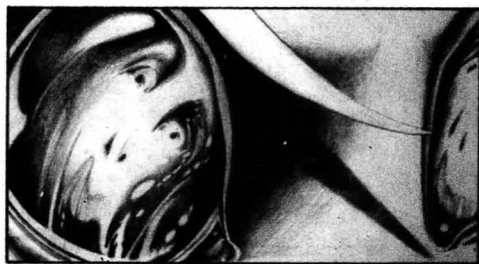
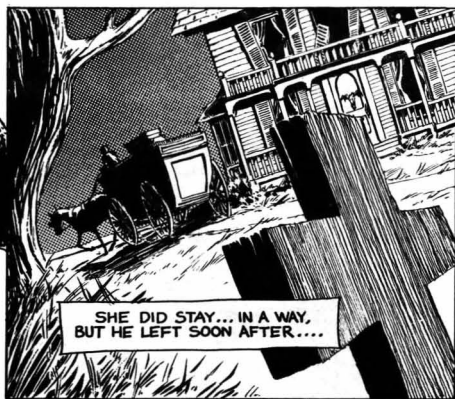
...I CAN'T STAND IT HERE, I'VE GOT TO LEAVE THIS TERRIBLE PLACE!

YOU CAN'T, WE'VE NO PLACE ELSE TO GO. THIS IS ALL MY FATHER LEFT ME ...AND NO ONE WILL BUY IT.

THEY WERE IN THE FRONT GARDEN, ARGUING, ON THE DAY I DID MY DEED....

...LAWRENCE, I'M LEAVING YOU! I LOATHE THIS PLACE ...AND YOU FOR BRINGING ME HERE!





...BUT THERE'S NEVER ANYONE HOME TO ANSWER.

How many so-called horror films have you seen that failed to deliver the gruesome goods? Not only were they absolutely stupid and bloodless, but, like as not, they didn't even provide a clear glimpse of the alleged 'monster' that was always said to be lurking about. Well, finally there's one movie company putting the horror back into the horror film, with lots of blood and gore and monsters and mutilation tossed in for good measure. Crack terror scribe Buddy Weiss takes a good look at two of Hemisphere Pictures' (The House of Horror, as they call themselves) latest bloodletting ventures, the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and (gasp!) BEAST OF BLOOD! So, without wasting any more space, let us set foot now into the dense jungles of Blood Island as fashioned by its equally dense creators at Hemisphere...

by Buddy Weiss

What two movies have so much blood in them that Dracula himself would be hard put not to give them 4 stars each? Why, MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and BEAST OF BLOOD, of course! Between them, they have enough celluloid corpses to feed a dozen hungry vampires for the next century or so.

And these titles are only two of a whole bloody bundle of gore movies produced by Hemisphere Pictures, a company that modestly calls itself "The House of Horror!" (Their exclamation point, not ours—Ed.) Hemisphere, in its relatively short existence, has also turned out tasty items on the order of BLOOD

DEMON, BLOOD FIEND, BRAIN OF BLOOD, BRIDES OF BLOOD, I DRINK YOUR BLOOD and, for a change of pace for those looking for more solid nourishment, I EAT YOUR SKIN. We'll be getting around to each of these films in this and the next two installments of the series... but for now, let's take a look at what the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND is up to.

THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, double-billed at most theaters with BLOOD DEMON, stars ex-teen actor John Ashley and Angelique Pettijohn. Hemisphere, by the way, conducts ad campaigns that might best be described as heavy, and ones that even put the old American-International numbers to shame. For the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, the ad poster reads: A Weird SHRIEK-OUT... Do the "Mad Doctor" Thing. Drink Green Blood and Groove. The Most Absorbing Horror Happening Ever!" If you're out for blood, you can rely on Hemisphere...

The MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND begins with Dr. Bill Foster (John Ashley), red-blooded American boy and ace medico, being sent to the mysterious Blood Island to investigate "strange" happenings. Actually, they are more than a little bit strange—they're downright unnatural! People vanishing, monster carrying kids off into the jungle, and coconuts going sour overnight, before they even leave the trees. It's Un-American things like these that give places like Blood Island a bad name.

Accompanying Dr. Foster to the

ferocious isle are Sheila Willard and Carlos Lopez. Why, you might ask, would a nice girl (not to mention a beautiful one) like that be going to a place like Blood Island? The answer is two-fold and simple. One, because every horror film requires a heroine to give its sex appeal a shot in the arm and, two, because her father lives there. Of course, we never learn why her father lives on Blood Island, but then there's a lot of things we never learn in the films but as long as there's a lot of blood and monsters, who's counting.

Carlos is along for a different purpose. His mother lives on Blood Island and he wants to fetch her from that mysterious locale. In fact, his plan is about the only thing in the movie that makes any sense.

At any rate, the boat carrying Bill, Sheila, and Carlos docks at Blood Island and before you can

"Spare parts?" asks strung-out Blood Beast, taking it lying down for a change in Hemisphere's jungle bloodfest, THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND.



Drastic method of curing headache is demonstrated in this example of Hemisphere press book art for BEAST OF BLOOD, sequel to THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND.

Following his transformation from man to monster, Don Ramon finds that his popularity among the native girls has leveled off to an even zero.



say 'hemoglobin' all manner of weirdities begin to take place. First off, Sheila finds out that her formerly respectable father is now nothing but a drunken bum who is fond of disappearing into the dangerous jungle for long stretches at a time. Being a logical type, Sheila goes in after him, without bringing along a gun, food, or much in the way of clothes either (but, you have to keep in mind the fact that it's awful HOT on Blood Island). Almost as soon as Sheila steps foot into the underbrush, however, she is attacked by a horrible monster who drips green stuff all over her fair white body and abuses her in a typically male chauvinist manner.

Meanwhile, while all this is going on, Bill is busy doing some medical detective work. He soon discovers that the island is plagued by a terrible mystifying disease... one that turns human blood from a healthy red to a sickly green color. Bill is understandably puzzled by this turn of events.

Carlos is keeping himself active as well. After he locates his mother, he finds that she doesn't want to leave the island on account of her dead husband. Carlos, being of sound mind and body, deduces that if his mother is staying on Blood Island because of her dead husband, then the dead husband (his father) must still be alive — if he can still exert that much pressure on mom. So, to follow down his hunch, Carlos enlists the aid of Dr. Bill and together they journey to a graveyard to exhumed dad's tomb, only to find the coffin... you guessed it, empty! It is Bill's quick-thinking opinion that if Carlos' father isn't in the coffin, then he must be someplace else, and is probably still alive to boot, otherwise his escape from the tomb would have been exceedingly difficult indeed.

Around this time, Bill and Carlos are interrupted in their morbid bewilderment by the sound of high-pitched screams emanating from the direction of the jungle. Sounds like Sheila, they gasp, and, like the stout-hearted heroes they are, dash off into the jungle to rescue her. They find the

beast-ravaged Sheila and, in her gratitude, she kisses them both for saving her and, together, they exit the jungle to puzzle out the plots that seem to be thickening at an alarming rate.

Meanwhile, Carlos' investigation is getting noplacement fast. His mother has taken in a pair of lodgers, a certain mysterious Dr. Lorca and

compare notes with Dr. Bill Foster and when the two put their heads together they discover they share one thing in common: neither have the slightest idea of what might be behind the mysterious happenings on Blood Island. So they consult Sheila.

GREEN FIELD

Sheila informs them that the monster that attacked her was of a green hue. Bill immediately decides



BEAST OF BLOOD has an axe to grind and bones to pick with the demented Dr. Lorca, Blood Island's resident mad scientist and the one responsible for Don Ramon's terrifying transformation.

his assistant Marla, and none of them will offer Carlos so much as a single clue as to his father's whereabouts. He then goes back to

that this must be connected with the mystifying "green blood" disease, the coincidence being too tempting to resist. And, since he took a spontaneous disliking to Dr. Lorca, Bill further concludes that the rival doctor must be at the bottom of it all. Professional jealousy, no doubt, even though Bill's bedside manner has proven to be far more successful than the grim Dr. Lorca's — as far as the lovely Sheila is concerned at least.

So Bill confronts Dr. Lorca who, being a card-carrying secretive power-mad scientist, immediately tells them everything.

As it turns out, the monster is none other than Carlos' missing father, Don Ramon. Ramon, who had been dying of an unspecified disease, went to Dr. Lorca, the evil genius, for help. Lorca, in turn, injected the hapless Ramon with a strange serum he'd invented, one that put Carlos' old man through some pretty heavy changes. Don Ramon began growing edgy and ill-tempered and gradually evolved into a full-fledged monster. his



The Hemisphere press book offers choice illos like the ones above, all indicating that while Blood Island might be a nice place to visit, you wouldn't want to live there. In fact NO ONE lives there for very long.

popularity among his fellows promptly leveling off to an even zero. Feeling alienated and revolted by his new green color, Don Ramon fled into the jungle where he busied himself by pulling annoying practical 'jokes' on all who might wander into his domain with the purpose of ferreting him out.

Demonstrating an ironic sense of timing, Don Ramon, the monster, appears on the scene just as Dr. Lorca is explaining this to the others. Having all the anti-social tendencies common to monsters everywhere, Don Ramon gets his revenge on Lorca by wrecking the place and trying to stomp everyone in sight. In the ensuing confusion, a few jars containing inflammatory chemicals chance to spill onto the floor and a massive fire breaks out. The heroes scurry out of the fiery house to safety where they watch the conflagration. Presumably Dr. Lorca and his monster are killed.

Content that their mission has been a success, Bill Foster, Carlos, Sheila and her father (who also turned up out of nowhere near the end of the film) leave the island. Blood Island is bloody no more... not until the next movie, at least.

Continued on next page

One of the reptilian residents of Blood Island makes snake-eyes at heroine Angelique Pettijohn, whose troubles are only beginning.



While not exactly a miracle of modern plastic surgery, the make-up of our friend the Blood Beast represents a new high point in horror film guis.

BEAST OF BLOOD

But horror movie heroes like Bill Foster do not remain at rest for long, and soon enough he returns to Blood Island in Hemisphere's sequel, the **BEAST OF BLOOD**. Keeping Bill company this time around is his charming companion Myra Russell, girl reporter and voluptuous lady.

The "troubles" have erupted once again on Blood Island, it seems, and again Bill is dispatched to see what he can do about the situation. Bill finds that the natives are unusually restless and not very friendly towards him either, since they associate him with the last murderous outbreak of Blood Island horror. Dr. Foster quickly assures the natives that he'll do everything he can (which isn't all that much) to end this terrible new menace to the community. His first step is to return to the old stomping grounds of the late, demented Dr. Lorca to see if there's anything happening there. The place is now a wasteland of burned buildings and overgrown weeds and scurrying rats and the like. But, before Bill is able to discover anything at all, disaster strikes again: Myra is kidnapped by a gang of restless natives!

Bill rounds up a gang of good natives and heads out in search of the abducted Myra. They find her soon enough, but the bad natives don't want to give up their hard-won prize so a fight breaks out and, amidst the punching and stabbing and yelling, Myra offs a native who tried to do her in by shoving a machete through his ribs. Myra, in fact, is the only one who actually kills anyone in the fight, which would seem to belie her "helpless" nature. At any rate, the gang goes back to visit Lorca's estate once again where Bill becomes aware of another calamitous turn of events: Myra is missing again!

This time she's been ripped off by Lorca's henchmen in order to serve as the bait in a trap set for Bill. Lorca (who, of course, didn't die in the fire that climaxed the **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND**), has apparently grown

tired of Dr. Bill's ceaseless interference and possibly his poor acting abilities as well and is determined this time to do him in once and for all.

Lorca is also jealous of Dr. Bill's women. Just as he fell for Sheila in the first film so he falls for Myra in this one. The mad doctor, in a crude bid for Southern Pacific hospitality, takes Myra on a guided tour of his new domain, which features a horrifying prison compound in which are kept the horribly disfigured natives who have served as the victims of his vile experiments. Meanwhile, Bill is hard at work on a plan to get Myra out of the Madman's hands.

Paying a sneak visit to Lorca's hideout (how he finds it is never explained, but we're probably better off not knowing anyway), Bill notices that Lorca's face bears horrible scars, the marks, no doubt, of their last confrontation. Lorca has another surprise in store for the brave Dr. Bill, namely the decapitated body of his monster, Don Ramon, who has been kept alive and kicking by some fiendish mad doctor machine. Lying thoughtfully atop a nearby table is the still living head of the ghastly green terror!

THE MONSTER'S MUM

It seems that Lorca has a little bit of the shrink in him too, since he's been trying to reach the green monster's head only to find it extremely uncommunicative. The blood monster refuses to talk and Lorca's understandably incensed at the thought of this rejection. But, while the monster's severed vocal chords have remained silent and still, the mind in his bodiless head is still active, hatching plans of grisly revenge. The monster has managed to keep a spark of rationality alive within him and, as the head begins a deep concentration, the body rises and grabs Dr. Lorca. Bill and Myra look on in horror as the gruesome dance of death goes on between the madman and his monster, before turning tail and running to safety once again, as seems to be their wont.

BEAST OF BLOOD makes ready to bite the hand that fed him... and anything else that happens to be in his way in action-packed climax of Hemisphere's blood orgy of abrupt and senseless violence.

Meanwhile, the severed head finally begins to open up a bit. "We can talk now," Dr. Lorca, if you want to...," it says, while the headless body beats the crazed scientist senseless — which isn't a hard thing to do, considering the mad doctor's imbalanced mental state. Bill decides that the monster, along with everything else, is highly expendable, so he plants a few



Blood Beast is afforded a unique view of the proceedings as he gets head handed to him in this poignant moment from **BOF B**.

sticks of dynamite and watches with Myra as the whole place blows up.

Bill and Myra abandon the bloody isle and the natives learn to relax again. But will Blood Island remain in this rare state of tranquility for long? Not likely, not with Hemisphere Pictures' busy production schedule.

Tune in next issue for further developments on Blood Island and the whole crew of washed-up actors cast ashore on its terrifying terrain. And remember: "The blood you save may be your own."

"Maybe this will suture," say mad doctor team as Blood Beast, fussier than a rich lady at a wig salon, rejects head after head. But then it must be tough to make up your mind when you're not even sure of which skull it's in...



the Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, previews, grus-flashes ferreted out by BILL FERET. Monsterdom's answer to Rona Barret. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpubs get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's TELETYPED lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flix & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fiend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Gosharootie, gang!

There seems to be an influx of French thrillers as of late. Sergio Gobbi has in the offing "THE INTRUDER," in which a man quite calmly kills two men who have threatened to kidnap his son and hold him for ransom. Another will be "THE KILLER," this one has a psychopath saying half a dozen people before the police, who have been feuding on the methods of his capture, imprisonment.

At Shepperton Studios, in London, they've begun shooting on the psycho-thriller, "THE ASPHYX."

Incongruous title change—RABBITS has become NIGHT OF THE LEPUS? Lepus? (Lepus Pray?)

Alfred Hitchcock's new film, "FRENZY," is set for release.

William L. Rose is readying an America-Italian-French film titled "TERROR IN 2A."

Peter Katz has been set to produce Daphne du Maurier's "DON'T LOOK NOW." It'll shoot on location in London and Venice.



If the Count finds his cape growing a bit threadbare, he can now peruse Radu Florescu's fine and reasonably

priced line of Transylvanian finery. We always wondered who his tailor might be.

DRACULA LIVED! I mean as an actual person, in the form of a 15th century Rumanian prince named Vlad Jeres. He was nicknamed "Dracula," which in Rumanian means "Son of the Devil," for his gruesome and sadistic tactics of impaling those who displeased him on wooden stakes, sometimes thousands at a time. So says Radu Florescu, a Boston College professor who professes to be under the Dracula curse. The curse was placed upon his family when Jeres' sister married into the Florescu family.

Upon a recent European expedition, Florescu, his wife and a small party of fellow explorers set out to ascertain the exact location of the Dracula Castle, but

fell prey to many mysterious circumstances and mishaps.

But Florescu goes on, under the auspices of the Rumanian Government, plans to import a line of TRANSYLVANIAN fashions. (Knit shrouds? The collection will feature dresses, embroidered vests and... an authentic reproduction of the Dracula cape selling for somewhere between \$60 and \$90.)

It's about time Florescu cashed in on the curse that has plagued his family for centuries. If the curse prevails though, buttons might fall off, zippers snag and stitching may unstitch, but Dracula wouldn't do that, would he? The old sew-and-sew?

Doing absolutely no business, whatsoever, somewhere in Detroit is the intriguingly titled double-bill—"Paranola" and "Teenage PSYCHO MEETS BLOODY MARY." (I'm sure the viewing audience were the ones who wished they had had a few bloody Mary's to drink.)

"ROSEMARY'S BABY" star, Ruth Gordon will have the title role in "THE WITCH OF WALL STREET," which concerns the life of lady miser Hetty Green.

NBC's TV movie "PROBE," which starred Hugh O'Brian and Elke Sommer is definitely set to become a teleseries. I only hope Angel Tompkins, featured in a recent issue of PLAYBOY and a stunningly beautiful blonde, is sold with the series in the role she essayed in the pilot.

The National Geographic specials for next season have some very interesting titles. Those announced were "THE HAUNTED WEST," "THE VANISHING TRIBES OF THE MATTO GROSSO" (that's the unexplored region of the Amazon jungle), "THE UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES OF THE EARTH," and "STRANGE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT." Sounds more like the "Supernatural Geographic."

Charles Nelson Reilly, late of "THE GHOST & MRS. MUIR" TV series is set for a new one, series and ghost that is. This time the ghost will be a little more benevolent.

A new Michael Carreras production will essay forth from Hammer studios called CRESCENDO. The mellodrama stars Stephanie Powers, heroine to many, and James Olson, late of THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN.

Fanfare Corp's previously announced "TOWER OF EVIL," has become "HORROR ON SNAKE ISLAND," with just a "snake" of the fingers.

And the inimitable genius of George Pal will be re-ignited in transforming from novel to the screen the incredible DOC SAVAGE series. First on Pal's docket will

CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
JUNE 11	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	\$1.00 (10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
JUNE 9-11 FRI. SAT. SUN.	PULP-CON ED. WESSEL BOX 15853, OVERLAND BRANCH ST. LOUIS, MO. 63114	COLONY HOTEL 7730 BON HOMME Clayton, Mo.	\$2-Spr. \$4-Adm. \$6-At Door	PULPS & AUTHORS Philip Jose Farmer Edmond Hamilton & others.
JULY 1-5 SAT. THRU WED.	NEW YORK COMICON PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	Info. Not Available. Write Con.	Meet Comic Book and Comic Strip Artists, and THOUSANDS of Fans Like Yourself for 5 DAYS!
Feb 16-18 1973	INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION	HOTEL COMMODORE 42nd St. & Lexington Ave. New York City	Info Not Available	STAR TREK What else could you want?

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across the great land of ours are quiet and curious gatherings of quaintly curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions," and the zealots, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it.

Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comics science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of those conventions. We dare ya!



be a compendium of several of the Kenneth Robeson novels released under the title, DOC SAVAGE, ARCHENEMY OF EVIL. The film will be complete escapism fare ala James Bondian tongue-in-cheic adventure.

Set for a TV premiere is a new film starring the super siren of the 40's, Miss Rita Hayworth, titled SONS OF SATAN. Co-starred is the equally lovely Claudine Auger.



Attention, all comic fans! Did you know that for the past 4 years there has been a Comic Art Convention? This year marks the fifth anniversary of the event, and it's going to be one Super, Ultra Con. The first 5 day convention in history; July 1 thru 5 at New York's Statler Hilton Hotel. Over 2,000 fans are expected to attend and have a great time seeing their favorite artists, writers and original artwork.

Like previous cons, there will be dealer's tables, slide shows, panel discussions, special guest speakers, art displays, auctions, masquerade parties. Only now, there will be more of everything, and some super-surprises, too. The program-booklet, like the Con will also be big... 96 pages worth of Golden Age and ultra-new art, ads from the leading comic dealers across the country, and features about your favorite comic people.

The Statler Hilton Hotel is located across from Pennsylvania Station, just one stop from the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

Additional information on the 1972 Comic Art Convention can be obtained from the Convention Chairman, Mr. Phil Seuling. Write to him at 621 Avenue Z, Brooklyn, New York 11223.

We'll be looking forward to meeting a lot of our fiendish fans there!

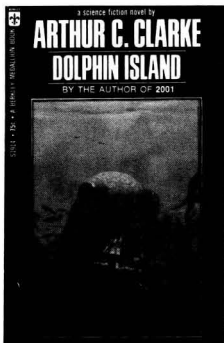


The producer-director of SILENT RUNNING, Douglas Trumbull, will next be lensing for Warner Bros. another futuristic film entitled THE RIDE. Liam O'Brien will write the screenplay and co-produce.

Russ Meyer, king of the exploitation, will produce the juicy macabre CHOICE CUTS for Warners. Film is based on the novel by French authors Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac, who also gave us the classic, DIABOLIQUE and VERTIGO. They claim it's a true story dealing with the strange occurrences that the various patients undergo when the transplanted parts of a murderer's body start reacting. Every part, repeat EVERY PART is utilized. Perish the thought anything should go to waste, or waste.

COMIC BOOKS ATTACK THE MONSTER MARKET!

Comic book publishers have finally caught on to what we, here at The Monster Times, have been saying all along - there's a market for monsters these days. National Comics has started a brand new mag entitled Weird Mystery Tales, turned a garden variety western mag into Weird Western Tales, turned two gothics, Dark Mansion and Sinister House, into horror titles, and has raised the frequencies on all their established horror/mystery titles. Marvel Comics has the corner on pure monsters though. They have spent the last four years reprinting their most monstrous stories from the fifties. They're finally starting new mystery books this summer, too - Journey Into Mystery and The Chamber of Chills. (They also captured Count Dracula a while back for "Tomb Of Dracula" comics.) To top off this monster revival, the Archie Comics Group, which has spent the past twenty years of its existence perfecting the teen humor mag and ignoring the rest of the comics field, is going to be starting a horror title in the very near future. For them to break their tradition, the monsters must really be moving! But didn't we say so? P.L.



Robert Radnitz has acquired Arthur C. Clarke's "DOLPHIN ISLAND," for possible filming under his Radnitz-Mattel Production banner. I hope they don't "Toy" with the project too long.



"Gimme a Monsterburger, fries and blood-shake. And rush it - I may not have much time."

THE COMIC READER

Comic Art's monthly newsmagazine! The story of what's going to happen to your favorite comic characters. With features by Monster Timers: Brancatelli, Isabella & Levitz. 3 for \$1 from Paul Levitz, 393 East 58 Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

Comic books, fanzines, stills, posters, Big-Little books, dealers, collectors: And The Monster Times folk! Every "SECOND SUNDAY" at the Statler-Hilton, 33rd St. & 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10AM to 4PM. Admission \$1.00

SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY AND HORROR

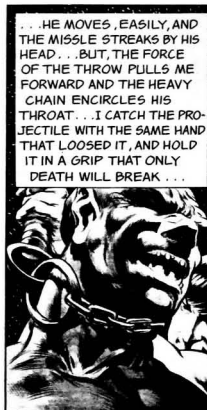
Reference Guide to Fantastic Films.

20,000 Listings; 50 Countries; 75 Years; Extensive Information; Thorough Cross-References. For a content sample send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Walt Lee, P.O. Box 66273, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!

WANTED—Old radio and comic premiums, to expand our museum of relics, trivia and the lore of 20th Century pop-art. Things like the BUCK ROGERS PISTOL, or a CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DECODER RING... and all the rest of the stuff. These things have a place

in our history, and we have a place for them on our shelves. Please send description and condition of items, plus the price you're asking, to TMTM, (THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM), P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011.



Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Berni Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Baneful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashing brilliant book: BADTIME STORIES. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circusful of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanness of whiles, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, Wright-on BADTIME STORIES. We reviewed them in MONSTER TIMES NO. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8 1/2" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it into THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Wright-on! Wrightson's wrihtingely weird workmanship whets my wish-craft for his woe-begone world! Rush... copies of BADTIME STORIES at \$5.00 per copy plus \$04 postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to

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AN INTERVIEW WITH Dracula

Continued from page 14

THE UNDEAD LIVE!

TMT: How did you first become one of the "undead"?

D: That goes back a long time to the days when I was known as Voivode de the Impaler. I made a covenant with Satan when I was battling Turkish invaders. After I died I became one of the undead. Rather a strange twist on the resurrection theme you might say.

TMT: How old are you now?

D: Let me see, I can not say off hand. I was born in the 14th century, about 1350 or thereabouts. How old does that make me?

TMT: Over 600 years old? Amazing, you hardly look 40. Is it true that your diet of human blood makes you grow younger looking?

D: Yes, my diet maintains me. As long as I continued to nourish myself I will remain youthful.

ALL POWER TO THE UNDEAD

TMT: Is it true that you possess certain super human powers?

D: To a degree, yes. I have the strength of a dozen men and powers of hypnotic suggestion. However, let me say once for all I cannot turn into a bat or a wolf. Lycanthropy is absurd, don't you think? I do have some power over certain members of the animal kingdom which I imagine observers have interpreted as lycanthropy. I can not dissolve into a trail of mist or other such nonsense, but I am able to command the elements up to a point. It is possible for me to camouflage myself in fog, for instance.

The hours between sunset and dawn is the period when I am at the height of my powers. During the day I rest in a box of my native earth. I can walk abroad in the daylight hours, although I cannot exercise those exceptional talents I mentioned.

TMT: Then daylight will not kill you?

D: No, that is just wishful thinking on the part of those who have sought to persecute me.

TMT: Who would want to persecute you?

D: The late Prof. Abraham Van Helsing and his like. There have been a few others but Van Helsing and his friends caused me the most trouble.

You don't seem to understand that I am the victim of a disease whose effects I have no control over.

TMT: A disease which has addicted you to human blood?

D: Well, nobody's perfect. I must say though, my condition is not without its rewards. I meet all of attractive girls.

TMT: I imagine so. But, tell me Count, what are your limitations?

D: Generally speaking, I abhor the reek of garlic, can't stand religious objects—crucifixes, etc., I can not cross running water under my own power, and



Although determined to keep his identity and whereabouts a carefully guarded secret, neighbors at the Count's Upper East Side residence have, from time to time, caught glimpses of the undying demon. He has, according to his butler, been known to hang bat-style in the hall closet, causing occasional consternation in the hearts of his fellow apartment dwellers. "I enjoy the free flow of blood to my head," the Count remarked, "and the rush is nothing short of fantastic!"

those who have sought to destroy me and my work.

TMT: Like Van Helsing, for instance?

D: Yes.

TMT: But Prof. Van Helsing claimed to have destroyed you over 80 years ago...

D: Lies! That lying old Dutchman! The fox eluded the hounds. They continued to search for me but I outlasted them. No one has ever defeated me.

TMT: How long have you been in the U.S.? What are your plans?

D: I have lived here for the past four years. During that time I have been setting up my operations here which I am happy to say will be in full swing very soon.

TMT: What operations have you planned?

D: Spreading my cult from coast to coast.

TMT: You sound like a prophet for some exotic religion rather than...

NO RED TAPE

D: Not necessarily. It did in my case but that was centuries ago. Today I can offer

"What other institution could possibly offer the benefits that I do!
Guaranteed eternal life!"

you the same benefits I received without the red tape.

TMT: Are you trying to sell me a bit of goods?

D: If I decided that you were to join my organization, I would make you an offer you could not refuse. But, let me remind you, I promised you that you have nothing to fear from me. Forgive me if my enthusiasm alarmed you.

TMT: Of course. But tell me, judging from your plans to spread your cult, you must need considerable financial backing. Do you have such means at your disposal?

D: That and much more. A man who has lived centuries and had my advantages has had the time to amass a fortune you could not begin to imagine. Let me lay modestly aside to assure you I am fabulously rich.

TMT: Earlier you said that you found your public image unflattering. Is this due in part to Bram Stoker's novel?

D: Stoker's novel! The very idea of calling that sewage a novel! A scissors and paste job from old diaries and newspaper clippings does not a novel make. Besides he misrepresented the facts on too many occasions to enumerate. Believe me that book has been a hard thing to live with.

TMT: Have you seen any of the motion pictures based on your exploits?

D: Unfortunately, I have had occasion to see several of these pieces of popular mythology. Needless to say, I consider them beneath contempt.

TMT: What do you think of the actors you have seen impersonating you? Bela Lugosi, and Christopher Lee for instance.

D: Lugosi had a certain old world charm, but he was certainly a far cry from the way I see myself. Our physical appearances and our manners have little in common.

Lee is a bit too self-consciously virile for my taste. The productions he has appeared in are a trifle lurid, but I must admit he is more into the spirit of things.

DRACULA ON TOUR?

TMT: It's easy to see why you aren't pleased with your image. Have you considered making an appearance publicly?

D: My lawyer told me that David Frost wanted to do 90 minutes with me, and there was some talk of a television special. Of course, this poses technical problems—tape and film you know. Anyway, I am not quite ready for a public appearance. It would mean dropping the cover which I have established.

TMT: Then you do not function socially under your true name?

D: Correct, that is not yet possible. When I am more certain of my rights as a U.S. resident, and potential citizen, I may reveal my true identity.

In the mean time, I employ aliases.

TMT: Would it be possible to locate you again at this address?

D: No, I am quite inaccessible. Besides, being a permanent resident affords me a great deal of privacy. No one can reach me unless I permit it.

Now I must end our interview, my friend. I still have things to attend to this evening.

TMT: But I have so much more to ask you. One more question, please? I thought the vampire's strength lay in the fact that no

one believes in them. Why have you come out in the open like this?

D: Oh that word—vampire. Times change. In this permissive society, anything goes. Besides I doubt if many of your readers will take your article seriously.

TMT: Have you considered writing your memoirs?

D: You said just one more question. Very well, if I decide to write an autobiography I'll need a collaborator. If I like your article I'll be in touch with you.

Good night.

The room was gradually enveloped in a swirling fog and he disappeared from sight. I left unharmed, but I doubt if I will ever be the same again. I have the persistent feeling that someone is watching me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This concludes Roger Singleton's interview. There was to be more but this is all he completed before he suffered a nervous breakdown. He is now confined in the violent ward of a private mental hospital, where it is believed he has little chance of recovery. Incidentally, he has developed a strange fixation for flies—he eats them!

"I must say though, my condition is not without its rewards.
I meet a lot of attractive girls..."

I can not enter a home unless I have been invited first. After that I come and go as I please.

TMT: Concerning your "diet." Count, have you ever considered a blood bank?

D: That would not be very nutritious. I must be sure my sources are fresh and alive you understand.

BLOOD ON THE ROCKS

TMT: Fresh blood has kept you alive for 600 years?

D: Not only blood, but cunning, eluding

D: Rather than what! What other institution could possibly offer the benefits that I do! Guaranteed eternal life!

TMT: Or eternal death, depending on how you look at it.

D: Don't be irreverent, my friend.

TMT: But you sound like some kind of macabre life insurance salesman!

D: In a manner of speaking I am. But don't argue with me, it is so unpleasant. Can you not imagine—eternal life!

TMT: Doesn't that require a covenant with Satan?

PLANET OF THE APES

Continued from page 5

understand him completely. The thought made him try to speak again, but he only succeeded in gurgling. Then the Chimps turned and Cornelius looked into Taylor's eyes. They were arguing about HIM... Zira was swearing to her husband that she saw vast intelligence in his angry eyes, while her husband tried to convince her that it was all her imagination. With a sigh of relief, Taylor heard Cornelius give in to his wife. He ordered Taylor and Nova released and taken back to their cells. Just before he was led from the room, George Taylor nodded a quick thanks to Zira. Dr. Cornelius, watching from the corner of the room, couldn't believe what he saw. For a full hour they asked Taylor questions, and he either gestured or

Nova? No doubt about it... he would have to escape.

Zira came up with the idea of escape soon after Taylor did. There was nothing more they could do with Dr. Zaius. But Taylor would have to wait until a successful escape could be arranged.

Taylor did not wait and, bursting free of a Gorilla-guard-bolted into the town square. Apes everywhere panicked, and mothers gathered up their children to protect them from the mad "beast" running amok in their midst. Taylor ran to and fro, dodging his pursuers, climbing over statues and angular ornaments, knocking Gorillas and Chimps off their feet, until he ducked into a museum. He didn't know WHAT the building was. All he knew was that it was big and dark and he was alone in it. He ran through rooms and exhibits. He saw human beings stuffed, frozen into positions of family life and hunting and leaping and running. Then he saw one statue in particular. It was a black man, unique on this planet, stuffed and mounted for curious eyes. It was his friend Dodge. Dead. Uselessly



Dr. Zaius (Maurice Evans), powerful potentate of Planet of Apes, confers with a council of elders to decide on fitting punishment for Taylor's crime—the crime of intelligence. The judgment is swift and savage—the captive's mind must be destroyed!

nodded. He WAS an intelligent being, and he would sure let them know it! At last Dr. Cornelius agreed with his wife, and promised her that nothing would happen to the human who his wife was now calling "Brighteyes."

They went to their superior, the stately Orangutan Dr. Zaius. Zaius, who looked almost exactly like the statue of the Ape God that was seen throughout this strange world, was the leader of all the Apes. An awe-inspiring Ape, with the responsibility of guarding ancient secrets and shaping the affairs of his fellow Apes.

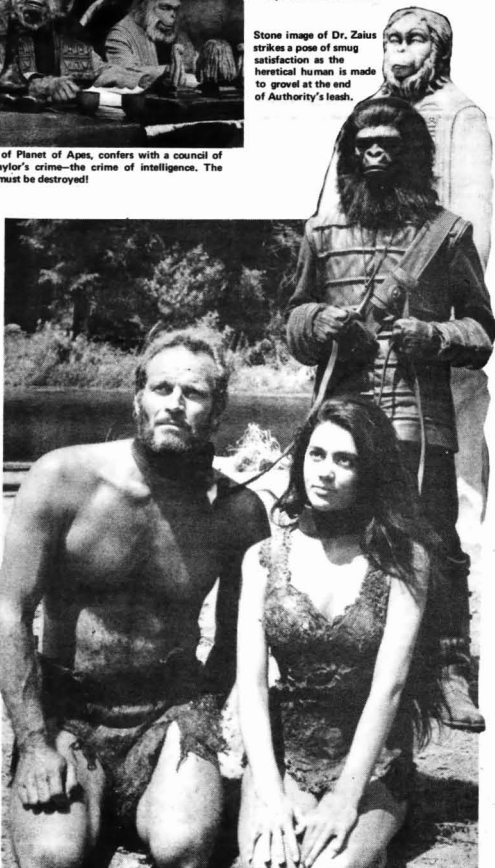
Zaius, for some reason, reacted strongly to the fact that an intelligent human had been discovered by his scientists. Immediately threatening Zira and Cornelius with charges of insubordination and heresy if they did not comply with his wishes, he ordered a frontal lobotomy performed on Taylor. This operation would leave him a mindless, living vegetable unable to think or reason or remember or do anything worth doing. A useless waste, and one that both Cornelius and his wife argued powerfully against. But Zaius remained firm in his opinions and the orders went out... **DESTROY HIS MIND!!!**

For Taylor, alone with the beautiful but primitive Nova, the situation was a nightmare. He knew what was happening, for Zira, still not fully sure that Taylor understood anything she told him, had developed the habit of talking to him through the bars of his cage for an hour each evening. She told him everything of current news, and the more he heard the less he liked it. Up to now, Zira and Cornelius were able to stall Dr. Zaius. But when they ran out of tricks... what would happen to him? And to beautiful



From astronaut to animal to vegetable... Taylor screams in frustration at the thought of this rapid and total descent.

Stone image of Dr. Zaius strikes a pose of smug satisfaction as the heretical human is made to grovel at the end of Authority's leash.



prisoners, he saw another familiar face. Landon! He ran forward. Then stopped as he saw the huge scar on his friend's forehead. Landon stared glassy-eyed, mindlessly. He had no mind... no memories. That would happen to HIM if he were caught. But, as he stopped to look at Landon, he was again surrounded with nets and rifles. Pawing hands picked away at him, and hoisted him in the air over a stone bridge. He screamed. He screamed words at them, and they heard and stared openmouthed at him... A HUMAN SPOKE! It had screamed "GET YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF ME!!!"

He awoke back in his cell, feeling more secure, now that he could speak and make himself understood as an intelligent being. Dr. Zaius himself came to his cell to take a look at Taylor. And, to his surprise, Taylor found himself being ushered into Zaius' office.

ODOR IN THE COURT

The aged Orangutan puffed on a cigar and spoke to the bound human. He explained about the orderly society he had built up for his people during his ruling years, and managed to keep in running order until a speaking human turned up to ruin it all. The Apes had their own problems, with Chimps fighting for equality and Gorillas acting as Secret Police and Orangutans ruling. Now, with a human question, the structured life of Zaius' Apes might be seriously threatened.

Because of Taylor's intelligence and the objections of Zira and Cornelius, who were respected scientists, Zaius couldn't just order Taylor killed or operated upon, so there would have to be a trial. A trial to determine whether Taylor was a blasphemous thing... a mutant that violated the Ape's religion, which stated that all intelligent creatures were created in the Ape-God's image. If found guilty Taylor would be destroyed like some mad dog. If innocent, Taylor surmised, Zaius would figure out some way of knocking him out of the picture, anyway. Either way Taylor would lose. He would still have to escape!



Now it's Taylor who's got the monkey by the tail as the table of fate is turned on Dr. Zaius.

The trial was a mockery of dignity and justice. Taylor was kept bound and, most of the time...gagged. Unable to say anything in his own defense, constantly assaulted by Apes trying to prove him dangerous, unintelligent or unholy, the astronaut was subjected to the full machinery of Dr. Zaius' attempt at destruction.

The trial ended in the only way possible, with Taylor emerging as a dangerous blasphemy to be destroyed after a few days. It was no shock for



Now Dr. Zaius finds himself at a loss for words as Taylor demands—and gets—his freedom from the PLANET OF THE APES.

Taylor, but quite a jolt for Cornelius and Zira. Now the escape HAD to be quickly planned, or it would be too late.

As Cornelius asked the Gorilla guard for a match, the unsuspecting black-clad Ape momentarily backed against Taylor's cage. Taylor's steely arms caught the guard as Cornelius got the keys and opened Taylor's cage. Nova, who was only too happy to escape from the place and follow Taylor, went excitedly along. Zira was outside with a wagon, and their nephew kept lookout on the hills.

Taylor hid with Nova in the back of the covered wagon, and the party started driving down the coastline, keeping pace with the long, curving beach. They all knew that it was only a matter of time before Zaius' secret police would be closing in on them. They needed somewhere safe to hide and, if discovered, defend themselves. For Zira and Cornelius there was no turning back...they were outlaws now, and would be killed if caught.

Suddenly Cornelius remembered the old caves, and the excavations that had been suddenly outlawed by Zaius. The cave and the living quarters were still there, and it was in a defensible position. They sped toward the cave, accessible only from a narrow road by the sea.

Then came the hoofbeats, muffled by the sand. There were a lot of

them...hordes of Gorilla-police with guns. And, as they became visible around a bend, they saw that Dr. Zaius was with them, too. So Taylor was that important to him!

They had only one chance. If they could wait until the troops came through the narrow road. They would have to ride through single-file, and could be picked off as they came. Cornelius, the Chimpanzee scientist, and George Taylor, astronaut from Earth, took their places in the rocks. They had an unexpected and pleasant surprise as Dr. Zaius led the way through the rocks. Taylor leaped and pointed his rifle at the Orangutan. Unable to fight because of his age, Zaius calmly raised his hands and surrendered.

Now they had a chance! Dr. Zaius had no wish to die, and because of his rank (he was considered a sort of living god by his fellow Apes) they had something to bargain with.

A strange change came over Dr. Zaius, as he sat tied against a huge rock, as he looked at Taylor and, for the first time, they talked as equals. He admitted Taylor's intellect had always been apparent to him, and decided that now the time had come for the truth to be known. Something in his old eyes convinced Taylor the Doctor wasn't bluffing. So Zaius was untied. He led Taylor, Cornelius and Zira up the scaffolding and into the ancient caves.

Torches were lit and placed on the walls, and the dim light from the outside lit the rest of the dark, large chamber. There was clay on the walls, and the excavation had exposed the contours of what had once been...a room. This had once been a house. Not a cave dwelling, but a HOUSE fused into solid rock and buried under centuries of sediment. They were standing in the living room. The vague outlines of tables and chairs were against the walls, and some scattered pieces of furniture could still be seen. And down in the middle of the room, on the floor, was a doll...a HUMAN doll that said "Mama" when you turned it upside down. Restored by Zaius and his team of archeologists, the doll proved that, at one time, HUMANS had been the masters. HUMANS spoke and built the houses and kept the apes in cages. Once HUMANS had ruled the planet of the Apes!

OLD APE

LEARNS NEW TRICKS

Zaius explained it all to Taylor. How it was discovered that humans had laid waste

to their world with wars, how the religion of the Apes had been formed to convince Apes that humans were inferior, to forever guard against the danger of the humans once again taking control of the world and bringing back the dark ages of war. This is why intelligent humans are killed, and why Zaius wanted Taylor dead.

Taylor agreed to let Zaius go, unharmed, if he would grant complete pardons to Zira and Cornelius. Despite everything, Zaius actually LIKED Taylor, and respected what the two scientists did for him, Zaius agreed to his conditions.

The time for leaving has come, and Taylor says goodbye to his Ape friends. He is convinced that, somewhere on this planet, are people...not primitives, but thinking, speaking men and women. He's

determined to find them. Before he leaves, he takes Zira in his arms and kisses her goodbye. Taylor had gone through his entire adventure believing that Zira had seen him all along as a handsome human being. Now, however, he hears her say "My God, you're ugly!" It's the first laugh he's had on this strange planet. And, though he does not know it...his last laugh, too. For he will shortly learn something incredible.

As Taylor and Nova ride slowly down the beach, he wonders why Zaius had advised him not to search for his fellow humans.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

Cornelius and Zira watched their friend Taylor round the bend. As he disappeared from view, Zaius turned to them and breathed a tired breath and softly said..."He will not like what he finds!"

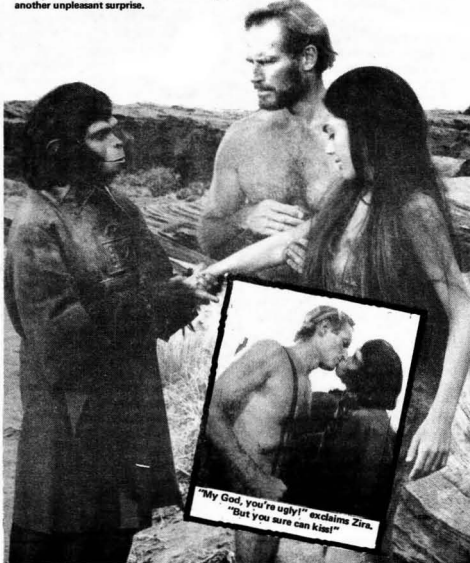
They Taylor saw it. The ruins of...something. Spires protruding from a cliff-side near the sea. Spires on a head of tarnished copper. An arm with a torch broken from some huge sculpted body that had long since ceased to exist. The Statue of Liberty!

Earth! "Oh, my God," Taylor screamed..."They did it...went and killed everything...EVERYTHING!" The wars, the greed...and now this.

Taylor cried into the sand. He cried for his friends, for his people, for his world. And, because he had no hope of anything anymore, he cried for...himself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Be sure to tune in next issue for further adventures on THE PLANET OF THE APES, with special behind-the-scenes info, makeup secrets, and all the pertinent facts about the intricate production of this earth-trembling flick. And remember: when you're finished with your copy of TMT, pass it along to a friend at the zoo. After all, Apes are only human, too.

Fond farewells are exchanged by Zira, Nova, and Taylor before the humans begin a trek leading away from the Ape metropolis but directly into another unpleasant surprise.



NEXT ISSUE!



GORG, that King-sized dinosaur from Great Britain way, tells it like it really is—and he's more fun than a barrel of skinheads. You'll see him in action, tearing up whole cities and making himself so unpopular in London town that Big Ben won't even give him the time of day. You'll also hear the big guy's candid views on Godzilla, Kong, and others currently making the monster scene in our big feature article for next ish.

Did you know there was a film that was shot at the same time as KING KONG, using the same sets, cast, crew and the same fantastic Max Steiner music? Well, there was, and in the next issue you'll hear all about this forgotten masterpiece—THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME by name—from monster maven Steve Vertlieb. PLUS never-before-seen illos by that fabulous eerie artist, Mike Kaluta.

You read about PLANET OF THE APES in this number, friends, but next time TMT will take you behind the scenes to tell you about the fun they had making the flick. Who played jokes on who (or what) and why, along with rare, unpublished fotos of all the wild antics that went on BEHIND THE PLANET OF THE APES.

AND...Part the Second of Hemisphere's BLOOD flick! A whole slew of ripe, bloody fotos of the most frightening blood'n'gore films ever made.

All this and our own brand of topnotch, high quality class, too, in the next issue of The Monster Times! Dig it!



IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A GROWN APE CRY...

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